The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

December

15c



Olivia de Havilland

Deanna Durbin's Unknown Story

Beginning "Star-Dust Baby" By Margaret E. Sangster



GAY GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS THE WORLD AROUND

in that single thread of Fragrance

Gemey

Fly with the spirit of Christmas as it speeds on its merry way—to Nassau or Nice or Naples, to Paris or far Bombay. Look for the loveliest women, the perfume they adore. It's gay and young and joyous... it's fragrance Gemey!

Fragrance Gemey, her choice for Christmas the world around! Fragrance Gemey, now presented in America by Richard Hudnut in distinguished glamour gifts. Here are casual trifles for the toe of her stocking, intimate enchantments for her skin, her hair, charm chests of alluring luxury. Through them all runs this single thread of fragrance.

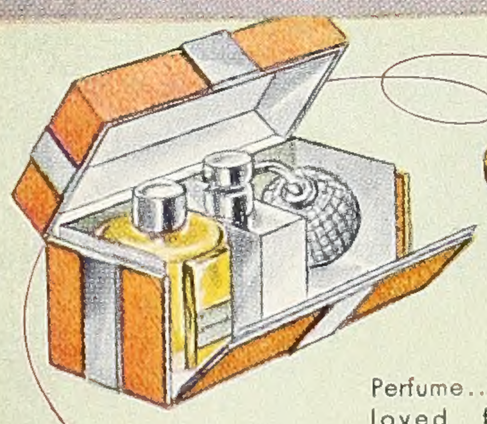
It's *flattery*, it's sorcery, it's the gay, Continental way to say Merry Christmas... the gift that's welcome the world around... fragrance Gemey!

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

New York · Paris · London · Toronto · Buenos Aires · Mexico City · Berlin
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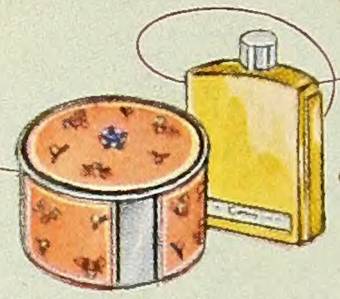
Fragrance Gemey $2.50, $4.50, $15, and special gift-size, $1.



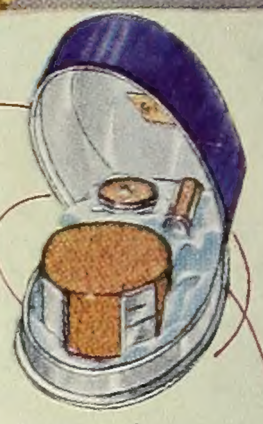
Perfume... the world-loved fragrance Gemey, with a luxury DeVilbiss atomizer. $5.



Purse partners... smart Triple Vanity, $2.75. Handsome Double Compact, $2.



Intimate treasures—Bath Powder, Eau de Cologne in alluring fragrance Gemey. $2.

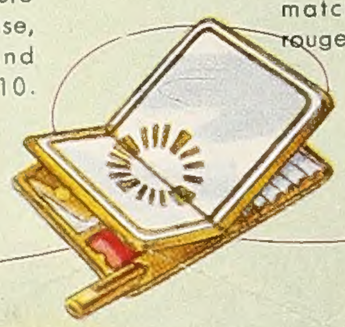


For a lucky lady... Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in fragrance Gemey (right). $2.85.

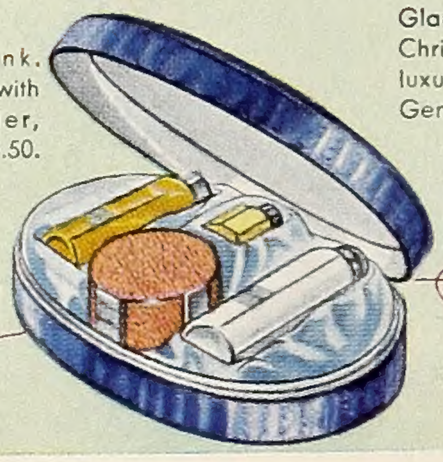
Four essentials to charm in gay and joyous fragrance Gemey (below, left). $5.



It's a grand gesture... Cigarette Case, Double Vanity and Lipstick. Trio, $10.



Sleek and swank. Cigarette Vanity with matching powder, rouge, lipstick. $5.50.





Glamour cargo for Christmas ships... eight luxuries in fragrance Gemey (right). $10.



Even your *best friend won't* tell you

EDNA was simply crushed by Charlie's curt note barren of explanation. True, she and Charlie frequently had "lovers' spats" but these were not enough to warrant breaking their engagement. Disheartened and puzzled, she sought Louise, her best friend. Perhaps she'd offer some explanation. Louise could, too; could have related in a flash what the trouble was . . . but she *didn't;* the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won't tell you.

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

You may be guilty of halitosis (bad breath) this very moment and yet be unaware of it. That's the insidious thing about this offensive condition; you yourself never know when you have it, but others do and snub you unmercifully.

Don't run the risk of offending others needlessly. You can sweeten your breath by merely using Listerine Antiseptic, the remarkable deodorant with the delightful taste. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements.

As it cleanses the entire oral cavity, Listerine Antiseptic kills outright millions of odor-producing bacteria. At the same time it halts the fermentation of tiny food particles skipped by the tooth brush (a major cause of odors) then overcomes the odors themselves. Remember, when treating breath conditions you need a real deodorant that is also safe; ask for Listerine—*and see that you get it.*

If all men and women would take the delightful precaution of using Listerine, there would be fewer broken "dates" and waning friendships in the social world—fewer curt rebuffs in this world of business.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE

Checks Halitosis
(Bad Breath)



Something to stand up and cheer about!

M-G-M'S HAPPY FALL HITS



"FIREFLY"...Now at POPULAR PRICES...M-G-M's roadshow sensation—direct from its triumphant New York run at $2 admission. Gigantic spectacle, romance, drama, and melodies by Rudolf Friml. Starring Jeanette MacDonald, with Allan Jones, Warren William and a cast of thousands...



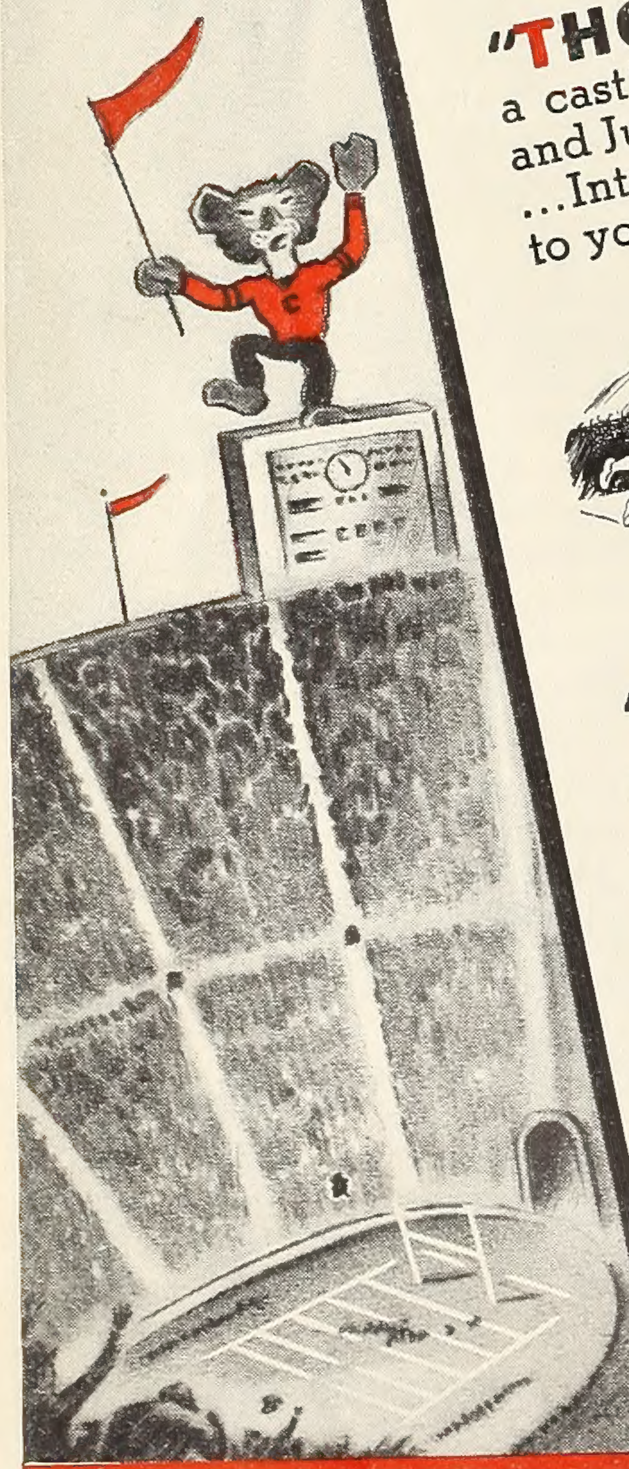
"THE LAST GANGSTER"...The season's melodramatic hit!...Starring Edward G. Robinson ("Little Caesar" himself)...A grand cast including beautiful Rose Stradner (the new star-discovery who provides thrilling, romantic moments), James Stewart, Louise Beavers and others...



"BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE"...Starring Wallace Beery in his greatest role since "Viva Villa"...Not since "The Covered Wagon" such a glorious epic of the West. With Virginia Bruce, Dennis O'Keefe (new star find), Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot.



"THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY"...What a cast!...Sophie Tucker, Mickey Rooney, Douglas Scott, and Judy Garland, the girl you loved in "Broadway Melody"...Introducing Ronnie St. Clair, a grand youngster you'll take to your heart...A wildly exciting story of loyalty and love.





"NAVY BLUE AND GOLD"...A rousing romance at Uncle Sam's Naval Academy! Football—love—and drama—with a top-notch cast of your favorite stars including Robert Young, James Stewart, Florence Rice, Lionel Barrymore and Billie Burke in the leading roles—and a cast of thousands...



"MANNEQUIN"...Joan Crawford in the love story of a beautiful model...with co-star Spencer Tracy better than in "Captains Courageous"...It's Katharine Brush's famous story. Wait till you see those gorgeous gowns!

"ROSALIE"...starring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy with Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and lots of others...Ziegfeld's greatest triumph becomes M-G-M's mightiest musical, surpassing even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself...Beautiful girls...new song hits by Cole Porter... Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II...WOW!



NOV -5 1937

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

We're Not Bragging, But—!

We think we have something there. We think you'll think so, too, when you've seen the next issue of The Smart Screen Magazine.

Beginning with the Carole Lombard cover, which has a romantic significance never before offered on any cover, and continuing inside the issue, we're promising, and we'll deliver, the most exciting array of timely features a screen magazine has ever given you.

Just to cite one example!

Getting Gay With Gable!

What did we tell you? Is that not, indeed, something? Something for for you to watch and wait for, and —when you've read it, and seen the handsome photographs illustrating it —to declare the best Gable piece you've read in a long time. By Elizabeth Wilson, who really knows the stars she writes about, "Getting Gay with Gable" takes you inside the private life of the screen's most picturesque actor. Tells you what he is actually like, when he has knocked off work for the day and left the studio behind him.

The Gable feature, that cover we told you about, and many other exclusive stories and photographs will appear in the January issue of SCREENLAND, on sale December 3rd.

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Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. V. G. Heimbucher, President, J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription $1.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $2.10 in Canada; foreign $2.50. **Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address.** Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

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Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.
Printed in the U. S. A.





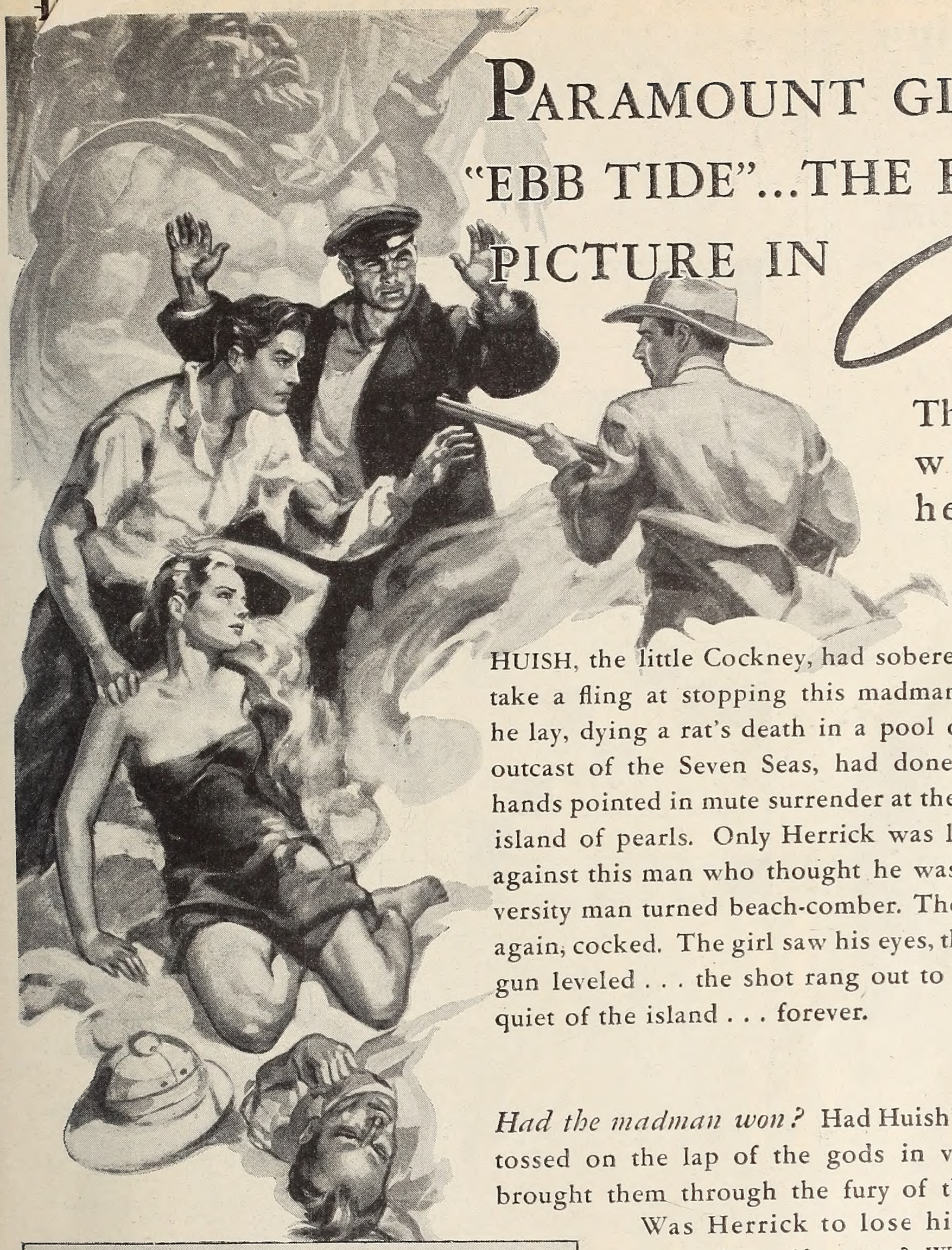


SCREENLAND Honor Page

A new star is born in "Stage Door"—Andrea Leeds, who more than holds her own with Ginger Rogers and Hepburn

ANDREA LEEDS reminds us of a grown-up Janet Gaynor. Something of the same wistfulness, much of the same mobility of expression—but perhaps even more poignancy, and certainly a vast amount of personal beauty and charm. As the tragic member of the group of ambitious girls in a theatrical club in "Stage Door," Miss Leeds is touching and truthful in her performance of what might easily have become a maudlin character. Never once does she descend to bathos, but the purity of her pathos will win you. Her "big scene," ascending the stairs to make her last exit from the stage of life, will be long remembered. "Watch Andrea Leeds"—SCREENLAND.

A new girl to watch: Andrea Leeds, right. The scenes above show Miss Leeds in memorable moments from "Stage Door": center, with Ginger Rogers; and directly above, with Lucille Ball.



PARAMOUNT GIVES YOU "EBB TIDE"...THE FIRST SEA PICTURE IN *Color*

The story of a man who thought he was God!...

HUISH, the little Cockney, had sobered up long enough to take a fling at stopping this madman with the rifle. Now he lay, dying a rat's death in a pool of vitriol. Thorbecke, outcast of the Seven Seas, had done the same. Now his hands pointed in mute surrender at the cobalt heaven of this island of pearls. Only Herrick was left to defend the girl against this man who thought he was God. Herrick! University man turned beach-comber. The madman's gun lifted again, cocked. The girl saw his eyes, the eyes of a devil. The gun leveled . . . the shot rang out to shatter the somnolent quiet of the island . . . forever.

Had the madman won? Had Huish's pitiful little life been tossed on the lap of the gods in vain? Had Thorbecke brought them through the fury of the hurricane for this? Was Herrick to lose his one last chance to prove himself a man? Was this beautiful white girl to descend into the pit of a madman's private hell forever?

Adolph Zukor presents

OSCAR HOMOLKA

(By arrangement with Gaumont British Picture Corporation Limited)

FRANCES FARMER

RAY MILLAND

"EBB TIDE"

A Lucien Hubbard Production with

Lloyd Nolan • Barry Fitzgerald

Based on the story by
Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne

Directed by JAMES HOGAN

Photographed in Technicolor

A Paramount Picture

The South Seas . . . Robert Louis Stevenson's South Seas, with all their haunting beauty . . . with all their primitive, soul-searing adventure . . . with all the vicious fury of their mighty ship-destroying typhoons . . . now at last brought to the screen as Stevenson himself saw them in this greatest of all adventure-pictures, produced in natural color . . . Another thundering triumph for the company which gave you the first natural color adventure-picture, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" . . . PARAMOUNT!

keep lips
ardent...
free from
lipstick parching!



What makes lips tempting? Men admire warm, ardent color... and *soft, silky* texture. Dry, rough lips do *not* tempt romance.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," protects you from all danger of Lipstick Parching. It contains a special softening ingredient —"Theobroma"— which keeps lips appealingly smooth and dewy. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five ardent and indelible shades. ***New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50¢.*** Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

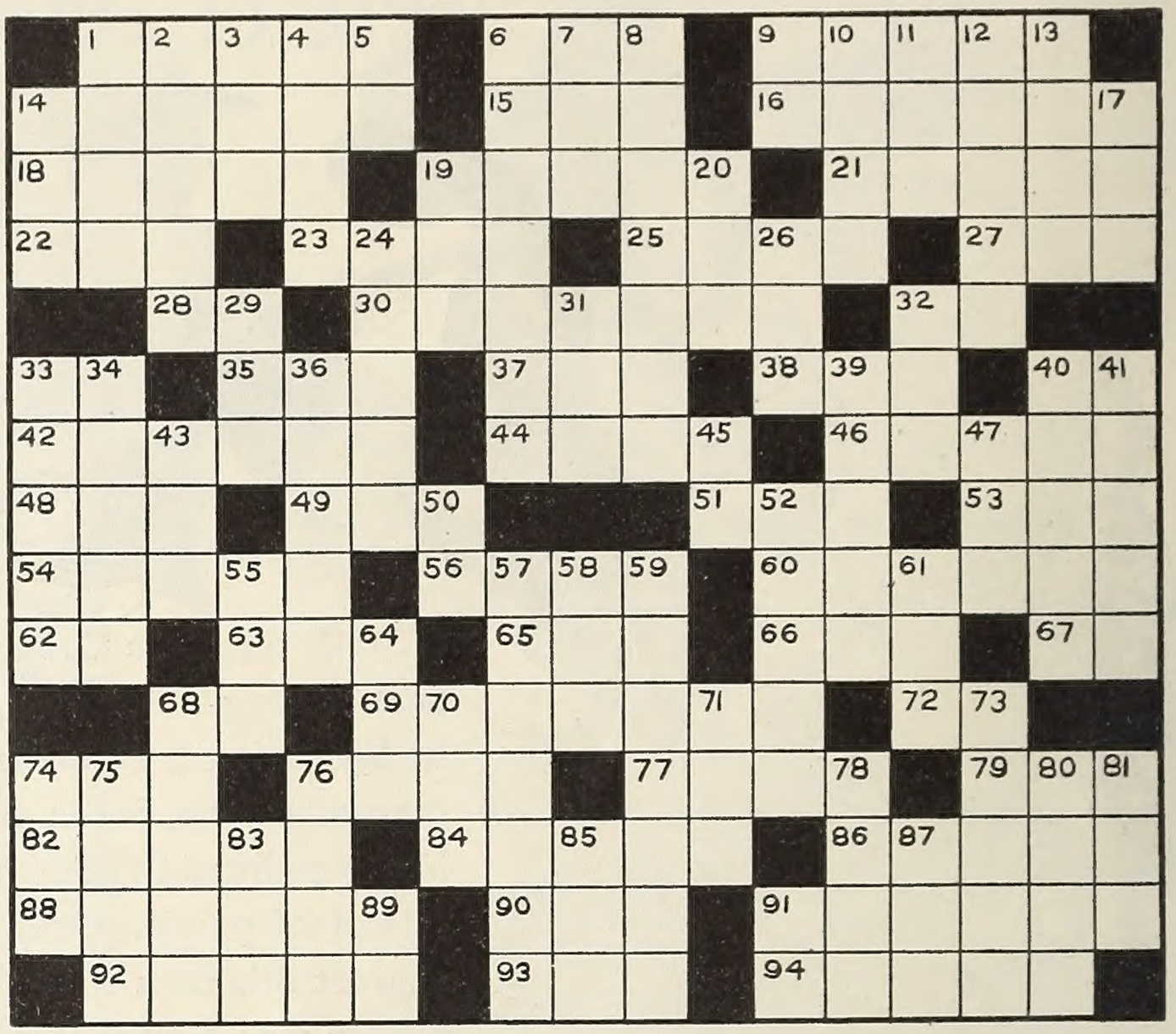
COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK *50¢*

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Harlow's last co-star
6. The remains of an ear of corn
9. Co-star of "A Star Is Born"
14. Star of "Ever Since Eve"
15. Exist
16. Star of "Beloved Enemy"
18. "Knight Without ————", with Dietrich
19. He's featured in "Submarine D-1"
21. "Live, Love and ————", with Robert Montgomery
22. Blondes sometimes use this on their hair
23. Beloved
25. Back of the neck
27. To observe
28. Of, in French
30. Cattle dealers
32. You and I
33. He's married to Ruby Keeler
35. A Hollywood word for humor or joke
37. Ignited
38. Stage star, once Mrs. John Gilbert
40. Ma's husband
42. Star of "Seventh Heaven"
44. Tardy
46. She plays Antoinette in "Prisoner of Zenda"
48. Afternoon beverage
49. Co-star in "Artists and Models"
51. Small rug
53. To be under oligation to
54. Heron
56. Openwork fabric
60. He's featured in "The Firefly"
62. Note of the scale
63. She's famous for Gay Nineties roles
65. Mrs. Bing Crosby's maiden name
66. Malt drink
67. That old sun god
68. Greek letter
69. The screen's Juliet
72. To accomplish
74. The MGM lion
76. A continent
77. Kind of meat
79. Part of the face
82. His new one is "The Perfect Specimen"
84. Come in
86. Tropical vine
88. She's Mrs. Errol Flynn
90. Over (contraction)
91. She made good in "Three Smart Girls"
92. Drawing room
93. To soak, as flax
94. Tears

DOWN

1. He plays Marco Polo
2. Ready for battle
3. Prefix, pertaining to life
4. She's featured in "On Again, Off Again"
5. Printer's measure
6. Princess Flavia, in "Prisoner of Zenda"
7. Natural mineral
8. Sisters Joan and Constance
9. Hepburn's role in "Little Women"
10. Capable
11. Born
12. To rub out
13. Pulled apart
14. Angry
17. Compass point (abrev.)
19. Rod
20. Sailor
24. Bordered
26. Greek letter
29. That bump of conceit
31. By way of
32. Has been
33. Fall flower
34. Feudal term, sworn to allegiance
36. Ingenue in "First Lady"
39. Pertaining to birth
40. Co-star in "Thin Ice"
41. Scene of action
43. To deface
45. Printers' measure
47. Pointed rock
50. Part of to be
52. Conscious of
55. Long legged bird
57. Co-star, "Broadway Melody of 1938"
58. "Souls At——", with Gary Cooper
59. He's featured in "Angel"
61. "The Bride Wore—", with Joan Crawford
64. S-shaped worm
68. Irving Thalberg's widow
70. Hasten
71. Ever (contraction)
73. Charlie Chan
74. Guided
75. Epochs
76. Range of female voice
78. To run away
80. Hotels
81. Garden vegetable
83. Lubricant
85. Golf mound
87. Hero in "Confession"
89. One
91. Physician (abbrev.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

■	M	A	D	G	E	■	F	A	Y	■	H	A	R	P	O	■		
M	A	R	I	O	N	■	U	S	A	■	A	T	O	L	L	S		
O	R	E	S	■	D	I	M	P	L	E	S	■	L	O	D	E		
S	C	A	N	T	■	L	E	■	E	L	■	L	E	P	E	R		
S	H	■	E	A	R	L	■	■	■	K	A	Y	■	■	R	E		
■	■	L	Y	L	E	■	C	A	P	■	L	O	N	E	■	■		
E	Y	E	■	E	L	E	A	N	O	R	■	N	O	R	M	A		
L	O	W	E	■	Y	E	N	■	W	A	S	■	T	R	A	Y		
L	U	I	S	E	■	L	O	R	E	T	T	A	■	O	D	E		
■	■	S	E	A	T	■	E	A	R	■	A	B	E	L	■	■		
A	D	■	■	S	O	S	■	■	■	B	R	E	D	■	H	O		
P	A	T	S	Y	■	P	A	■	M	A	■	T	W	A	I	N		
E	V	I	L	■	B	A	R	B	A	R	A	■	A	C	R	E		
S	I	M	O	N	E	■	T	A	R	■	F	A	R	M	E	R		
■	D	E	P	O	T	■	S	T	Y	■	T	I	D	E	S	■		

THE MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT OF ALL TIME!



The favorite play of America is

THE SCREEN HIT OF THE YEAR!

A year of preparation—3 months before the cameras—production costs breaking all studio records—and now the-love-and-laughter show that enthralled New York and London stage audiences for two seasons is ready to flash its glories on the nation's screens.

"Tonight's our night—there may never be a tomorrow."

WARNER BROS. present:

Claudette COLBERT
Charles BOYER

in the most lovable, laughable comedy of a decade!

"TOVARICH"







supported by a huge cast of famous stars including

BASIL RATHBONE
ANITA LOUISE

MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • Directed by Anatole Litvak • Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture





CHERAMY

April Showers Talc

THIS IS the *exquisite* way to be exquisite . . . for *April Showers Talc* leaves a distinguished floral fragrance on your body . . . yes, and scents your lingerie with its subtle but lingering perfume.

It is the finest imported talc scented with *"The Perfume of Youth"*—April Showers.

The Talc, exquisite but not expensive, 28¢.
The Perfume (in purse-sizes), 28¢, 50¢ and $1.00.

Salutes and Snubs

Big broadcast of the picture patrons, voicing their own ideas about stars and films



Humphrey Bogart proves that a "heavy" can be a very great favorite with the screen-goers. An actor who plays every part for all the drama that's in it, Humphrey receives the call to take a bow from the honor niche here.

Read what your fellow screen enthusiasts have to say about pictures and picture people. Their ideas give you food for thought, and also a better insight on how to enjoy the best that's offered in film entertainment. Then write us your own ideas. Kindly restrict each comment to 50 words or less. Address to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

CAN YOU PICTURE IT?

Try to imagine, if you can:

Garbo as "Mrs. Thin Man." Martha Raye as *Vicki Lester* in "A Star Is Born." Shirley Temple as a "Brat." Robert Taylor as a gangster. Jeanette MacDonald in "Swing High, Swing Low." Nelson Eddy in "Shall We Dance." Tyrone Power in "Night Must Fall." The Marx Brothers in a hair-pulling scene with the Ritz Brothers.

Let's hope Hollywood doesn't come to this.

Mary Jane Steiner,
Indianapolis, Ind.

KEEP BOGART BUSY!

Thanks, Hollywood, for letting us see Humphrey Bogart in so many pictures. But, please, must he always play the typed "bad man" he portrays so excellently in "Marked Women" and "Dead End" and most of his recent pictures? Bogart has a compelling screen personality, and for a change, as well as for the good of some forthcoming heroic rôle, he should be cast in something different than the parts so consistently given him of late.

Marjorie E. Harvey,
Boston, Mass.

THREE "FIRST LADIES"

Here's to the Three Graces of the screen! The beautiful Dolores Del Rio, Sylvia Sidney and Carole Lombard. I never miss one of their pictures, and when I see them on the screen, well they do more than make the whole show entirely delightful and satisfying.

Irene Dory,
Chicago, Ill.

RAVE ON! WE LIKE HER TOO

Please, Mr. Chairman, give me the floor—I want to do some raving. A new favorite is born—Frieda Inescort! This charming Scotch woman has something. She's different. Her acting calls for dozens of daisies, and deserves the raves.

Dorothy M. Hulse,
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

"Artists and Models" would have been a good picture if it had had more of story and less of specialty numbers. Was the story too short and the acts put in to lengthen the film so the patron would feel he was getting his money's worth?

Chester Gordon,
Greeley, Colo.

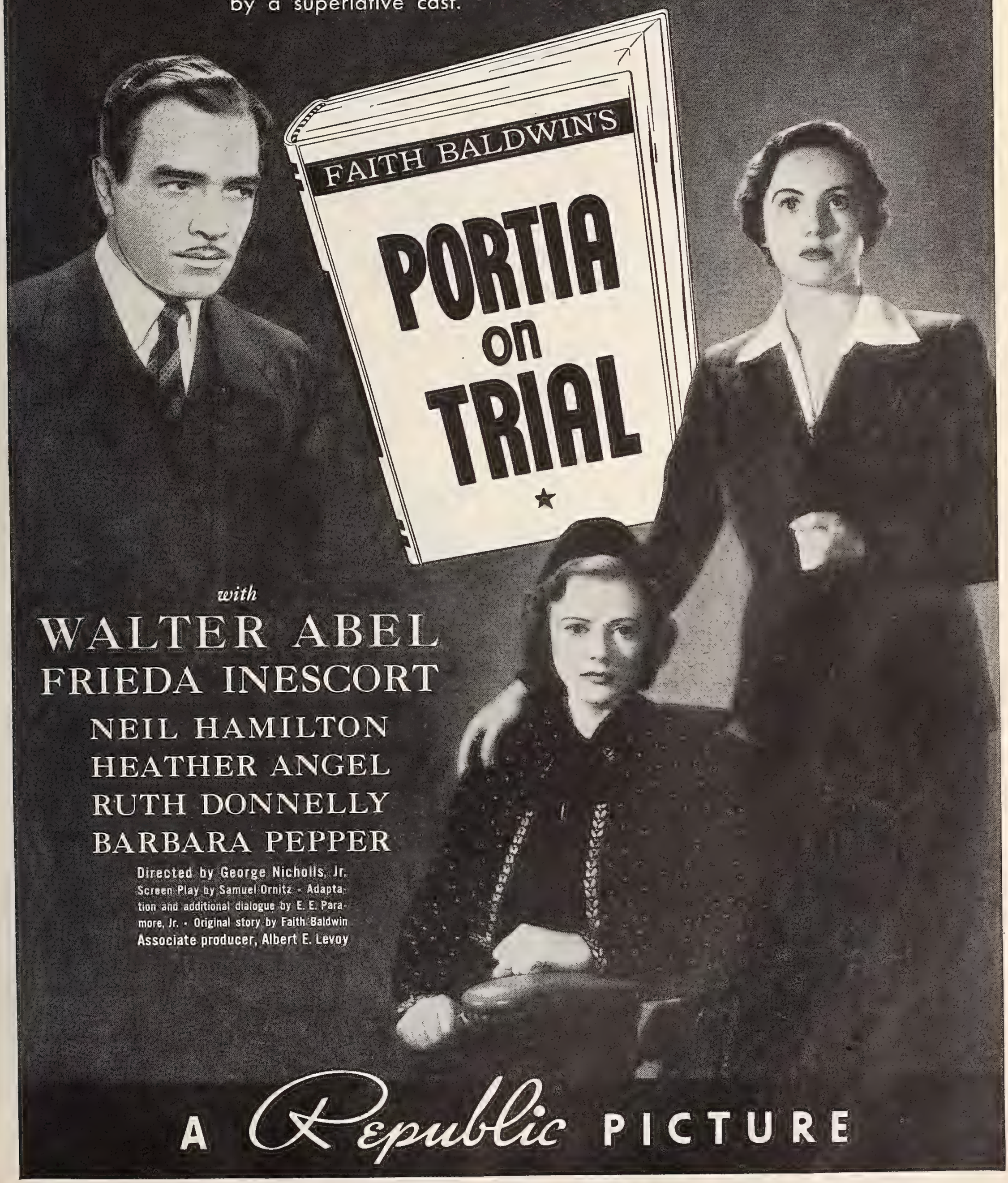
BOARDWALK BUGGY BONER

I have been going to Atlantic City for 20 years, but I have yet to see the kind of wheel chairs that they used in "Meet the Missus," which was supposed to have taken place there.

Ruth King,
Cranford, N. J.

"...but for the Grace of God, there sit I, Portia Merriman, facing a verdict of life or death!"

A heart-tugging mother-and-son story as only Faith Baldwin could write it. Played to perfection by a superlative cast.



with

WALTER ABEL
FRIEDA INESCORT
NEIL HAMILTON
HEATHER ANGEL
RUTH DONNELLY
BARBARA PEPPER

Directed by George Nicholls, Jr.
Screen Play by Samuel Ornitz - Adaptation and additional dialogue by E. E. Paramore, Jr. - Original story by Faith Baldwin
Associate producer, Albert E. Levoy

A Republic PICTURE

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Big City

M-G-M



Luise Rainer and Spencer Tracy co-starred! There's something to promise much—but, alas, too much in view of a thoroughly unconvincing and trite melodrama in which an immigrant wife and her taxi-driving husband are caught in the toils of racketeering and political chicanery. The story offers nothing to engage talents of the caliber of Rainer and Tracy, and the film at best is mere routine.

Music for Madame

RKO-Radio



Nino Martini sings operatic arias as well as a couple of popular style songs in the course of a romance, the acting highlight of which is comedy supplied by Alan Mowbray, Alan Hale, Billy Gilbert and Erik Rhodes. Joan Fontaine, young and engaging, is the leading lady of this story about a young Italian whose beautiful voice becomes the center of a Hollywood mystery. Good music for all of you.

First Lady

Warners



Sprightly and entertaining satire of political Washington, wherein two women engage in typical feminine conflict over a presidential nomination. Kay Francis delivers a bright and spirited performance, and Verree Teasdale as Kay's antagonist is superb. Preston Foster, Louise Fazenda, Grant Mitchell, Walter Connolly, Anita Louise and others in a fine cast do excellent work. Diverting conversation piece.

Breakfast for Two

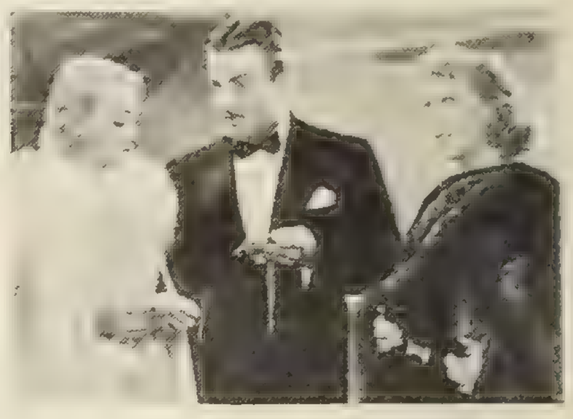
RKO-Radio



Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall, ably abetted by such talented troupers as Glenda Farrell and Eric Blore, throw restraint to the winds in a nonsense comedy that may be designed to end all nonsense films cropping up since "My Man Godfrey." It's wildly farcical romance in which woman chases man she loves—and gets him. Comedy falls, pie-throwing, everything goes. Maybe you'll enjoy it.

Sophie Lang Goes West

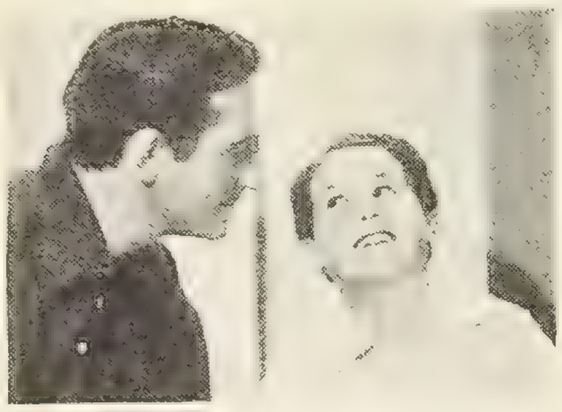
Paramount



The intriguing lady with the light fingers and winning ways makes her third appearance, and this time we find *Sophie Lang* in Hollywood, where, for all its glamor, the surroundings are not as conducive to thrills as the two previous films in this series—the story has motives that baffle more than its situations. However, you'll enjoy Gertrude Michael and Lee Bowman in this conventional crook play.

Make a Wish

RKO-Radio



Bobby Breen plays the son of a musical comedy star (Marion Claire), who has quit the stage for a wealthy suitor (Ralph Forbes). Through Bobby she meets playwright Basil Rathbone and as a result makes a comeback. Donald Meek, Leon Errol, and Henry Armetta round out the cast. Story and direction are not convincing, but some rather cute business in a kids' camp and Bobby's singing, appeal.

Wife, Doctor and Nurse

20th Century-Fox



This has bubble and bounce, that gay and light tone that's tonic for sagging spirits. There's a lilt to the dialogue and snap to the action, as Loretta Young, her husband, Warner Baxter, very successful doctor, and Virginia Bruce, his very efficient nurse, work out an intriguing little triangle and find ultimate happiness, all tending to their own jobs. Nothing serious or sophisticated, understand, just lively.

Atlantic Flight

Monogram



This introduces to you Dick Merrill, ace of the air, and Jack Lambie, his colleague in a record translantic flight. You'll find Merrill as engaging as his exploits, and the enthusiastic reports of his reporter friends, picture him. The story is adequate to the job of holding interest for the principals, who, in addition to Merrill and Lambie, include Paula Stone, Weldon Heyburn and Ivan Lebedeff. Happy landings!

Public Cowboy No. 1

Republic



Gene Autry carries on with his usual very pleasing and highly popular style of cowboy romantics, though his story here is not up to some of the better grade yarns afforded as an action background for the Autry singing and hard riding. As a matter of fact the story is wilder than the wooly West of cattle rustlers it tells about —with airplanes and short-wave radio helping the villains. But it's amusing.

Non-Stop New York

Gaumont-British



Mechanical melodrama glossed over with fairish comedy and providing some very well-done aviation thrills, as an American gangster, a Scotland Yard man, and a chorus girl who can save a man from the electric chair, work out their tangled purposes during the flight of a plane from London to New York. Anna Lee and John Loder are the romantic pair who head an able English cast. Weak yarn, well staged.

All Over Town

Republic



Olsen and Johnson, vaudeville comics, are starred in what sums up as an elongated two-reel comedy. The idea is that these two have a trained seal they want to put over as a great stage attraction, are mistaken for millionaires anxious to back a show, and thus get their chance. It doesn't make much sense as a story, and fails to deliver enough laughs to warrant the rather good production given it.

BOY MAKES GIRL MAKE FOOL OF NEW YORK



CAROLE
LOMBARD AND FREDRIC MARCH

In SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL'S Sensational TECHNICOLOR Comedy

NOTHING SACRED

WITH

CHARLES WINNINGER · WALTER CONNOLLY

by the producer and director of "A Star is Born"

DAVID O. SELZNICK *and* WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

Screen play by BEN HECHT • *Released thru* UNITED ARTISTS



THE MEN RAN AWAY
FROM HER SKINNY SHAPE!

★

—till she gained 20 lbs.
quick, this new easy way



Celia Slonaker

"I used to be so thin that none of the fellows paid any attention to me. At last I tried Ironized Yeast. In 5 weeks I gained 20 pounds. Now I am told I have a very good figure and my skin is lovely and smooth, too. I have dates almost all the time and am very popular."—*Celia Slonaker, Hughsville, Pa.*

10 to 25 lbs. gained quick with IRONIZED YEAST



Posed by professional models

WHY lose all your chances of making friends and enjoying life—because of a skinny, scrawny figure? Thousands of girls have put on 10 to 25 pounds *in a few weeks*—with these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

No matter how thin and rundown you may be from certain food deficiencies, you too may easily gain normal, attractive curves this quick way—also naturally clear skin, new pep, and all the new friends and good times these bring.

Why it builds up so quick

Many doctors now say thousands of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now, by a new process, the vitamins from the special rich yeast used in making English ale are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast. This 7-power vitamin concentrate is combined with 3 kinds of iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron); also pasteurized English ale yeast. Finally, for your protection, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed these vital elements quickly to gain normally attractive curves and peppy health.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the very first package you don't begin to eat better and get more enjoyment and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—your money will be promptly refunded. So start today.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2612, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING! Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast.



Nat and Googie—otherwise George Burns and Gracie Allen—have their morning meal in the breakfast room of their Beverly Hills home, where they take their jobs of bringing up daughter Sandra and son Ronnie seriously, and entertain their friends graciously.

Inside the Stars' Homes

After-the-broadcast suppers at the Burns and Allen home are tasty as well as entertaining. Here are Gracie's cooking recipes

By Betty Boone

YOU'D GUESS that a glamor queen lived in the Early-American-Monterery mansion on the Beverly Hills street that is lined with camphor trees. But you'd be wrong! It's Gracie Allen's house—and George Burns' house, too, of course—not to mention Sandra and Ronnie, and there's plenty of room in it for any little brothers or sisters that may happen along.

A wide brick walk, up which march standard roses in blossoming pairs, leads to the white door through a terraced and flower filled garden, and there's a balcony across the entire front of the upper story, enlivened with California flower pots in rainbow colors.

The butler—did it occur to you that Gracie has a butler?—admitted me to the hall where the sort of curving white stair that seems made for an entrance by a glamor girl winds to the upper rooms. There is a stately old grandfather's clock near the door, and the living room, beyond, has gold-framed mirrors and delicate miniatures on its ivory walls.

"Harold Grieve decorated the house," chuckled Gracie, after she had greeted me. "All I said to him was: 'I want soft colors!' He said 'Yes,' unconvincingly, and it took me a long time to persuade him that I meant *soft*. He thought I must be just like my broadcasts—loud, you know. When he finally gave in and believed me, it worked out well. Isn't it beautiful?"

She glanced about from the sage green carpets to the floral drapes in peach and gray, these shades repeated in the furniture. She didn't add, "Am I right, George?" but she was.

French doors lead from the living room to an enclosed patio, furnished in rustic redwood upholstered in green, and both lighted and screened. There are backgammon tables in the living-room and on the patio.

"Yes," acceded Gracie, when I noticed them, "and we have another upstairs and we're having a fourth one made for the garden. We're mad about it! We learned how to play on a boat when we were going to Europe one time. I remember Hope Hampton was on board and she taught us. We've gone in for it ever since. I'm the family champion. Maybe it's a good thing she didn't teach us to play polo. It's not so good for the purse or the neck."

Green lawns stretch from the patio to a picket fence that divides the garden from the swimming pool, where a fair sized sailboat swayed at anchor before the dressing-rooms; it also divides the garden from the children's playground, where there are sandpiles, slides, swings and an enchanting game concerned with drydocks, wharves and boats.

"Show Betty Boone how you slide," urged the mama of Sandra and Ronnie, two small, fair infants in play suits.

Obediently, they did so, Sandra whooping down the slippery slope as though she enjoyed it, Ronnie taking the trip wrapped in gloom. His attitude toward exhibiting

(*Please turn to page 69*)

A KING'S RANSOM TO MAKE AMERICA LAUGH!



BILLY HOUSE

MISCHA AUER

JIMMY SAVO

BERT LAHR

Not since the days of Chaplin and Harold Lloyd has so much money, talent and creative effort been devoted to pure comedy —zestfully spiced with music, youthful allure and romance.

THE 4 HORSEMEN OF HILARITY

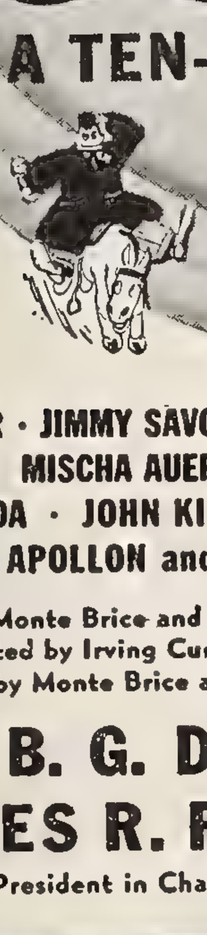


THE NEW UNIVERSAL presents

MERRY-GO-ROUND of 1938

A TEN-STAR FUN FROLIC





with BERT LAHR · JIMMY SAVO · BILLY HOUSE
ALICE BRADY · MISCHA AUER · JOY HODGES
LOUISE FAZENDA · JOHN KING · BARBARA
READ · DAVE APOLLON and His Orchestra

HIT SONGS! "I'm In My Glory", "More Power To You", "You're My Dish", by JIMMY McHUGH and HAROLD ADAMSON who gave you "Where Are You?"



ALICE BRADY



BARBARA READ



LOUISE FAZENDA



DAVE APOLLON

Screenplay by Monte Brice and A. Dorian Otvos
Directed by Irving Cummings
Original story by Monte Brice and Henry Myers

Produced by **B. G. DeSYLVA**

CHARLES R. ROGERS

Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production

JOY HODGES and JOHN KING





A VANITY BOTTLE

OF AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE

Skin Protector

for anyone who has not tried it!

• Right now, cold weather and raw winds are making many a pretty woman's skin coarse, red and unpleasant in appearance. And there's no need for it because you can enjoy the nation's most widely-used skin protector, Italian Balm, for a cost of far less than ½ cent a day.

Italian Balm *prevents* chapping. For more than a generation, this famous skin preparation has been "first choice" among your outdoor-loving neighbors in Canada. And in the United States, too, it has no equal in popularity. Women who use it have a chap-free skin regardless of weather or housework. And thousands of professional people, too—physicians, dentists, nurses—are enthusiastic in their praise of this scientifically made skin softener.

Try it! Send for *FREE* Vanity Bottle!—enough to give you several days' supply. Mail coupon today.

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"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

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ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Betty Gail R. I'm surprised that you haven't seen Richard Cromwell in some of his big rôles in such pictures as "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "Life Begins at Forty," and "Annapolis Farewell." Certainly you must see him in "The Road Back," playing the part of *Ludwig*. Address him at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

R S V P. Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, R. I., in 1901. He is 6 feet, weighs 173 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. He did not attend college, but obtained his education at the grammar school of the Rhode Island Normal. His favorite sports are tennis and horseback riding. He isn't married.

Katheryn S. D. You will find an article on Brian Aherne in the March, 1937, issue of SCREENLAND. He was born in England, is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. Once rumored engaged to Merle Oberon, but Brian is still a bachelor.

An Irene Dunne Fan. Born in Louisville, Kentucky, daughter of Capt. Joseph J. Dunne who was a builder and owner of Ohio River steamboats. Her rôle in Ziegfeld's stage hit, "Showboat" first brought her into prominence. Later she graduated from the Chicago College of Music. She made her film début in "Leatherstocking," after which she played the leading feminine rôle in "Cimarron." She is married to Dr. Griffin, is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, has dark hair and blue-gray eyes. Why not read the story about her which appeared in the January issue of SCREENLAND.

Rongo Allan. "All Quiet on the Western Front" was the picture in which Lew Ayres made his first hit. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has dark brown hair and brown eyes. His current picture is "The Last Train from Madrid," a Paramount production. The more recent pictures in which Craig Reynolds appears are, "The Great Garrick," "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air," and "Back in Circulation." Write him at Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, California.

Dolores M. S. "Shanghai" is the title of the picture in which Charles Boyer and Loretta Young appeared; it was produced by Walter Wanger and released by Paramount in 1935.

L. C. B. "Buster" Crabbe is 6 feet, 1 inch in height, and weighs 188 pounds. Kent Taylor is 6 feet and weighs 165.

Irene T. Billy and Bobby Mauch have blue eyes and brown hair. Yes, they can be identified, because Billy wears a ring but sometimes the boys switch the ring—just for a little fun!

Norma R. The original story of "The Mighty Treve" is by Albert Payson Terhune. Noah Beery, Jr., and Barbara Read played the leads, but of course "Treve" is the real star. Perhaps if you wrote a letter to Universal Studio, Universal City, California, you might be able to get Treve's photograph.

Concetta A. Frances Dee is Mrs. Joel McCrea in private life. Ray Milland was born January 3, 1907. John Beal, August 13, 1909. Robert Taylor, August 5, 1911. Deanna Durbin, December 4, 1922. Errol Flynn, June 20, 1909. Wayne Morris, February 17, 1914.

Mrs. C. E. C. You are right, it was Helen Wood who played the feminine lead in "Champagne Charlie."

Dorothy A. K. Claudette Colbert was really christened Claudette, but her father renamed her, Lily, and as Lily Chauchoin she came to New York and remained Lily Chauchoin until her first stage appearance. Her married name is Mrs. Joel Pressman. Clark Gable is the son of William H. Gable. He had been married twice. Nelson Eddy is Nelson's real name. He is not married. Jeanette MacDonald was recently married to Gene Raymond. Yes, Fred MacMurray is married and his real name *is* Fred MacMurray. Robert Taylor was christened Spangler Arlington Brough. He is not married—yet. Have you a marriage complex?





Camera angles on a Hollywood premiere! Why, here come Gladys and Eddie—Mrs. and Mr. Edward G. Robinson—and, there's Irene Dunne with Melvyn Douglas, right.



Homesick for Argentina? Not Rigaud—Latin-American star recently brought to Hollywood—with Lola Jensen, Joyce Matthews and Harriette Hadden around.

K. O. Tyrone Power played the part of *Count Vallais* in "Girl's Dormitory," and *Karl Lang* in "Ladies in Love." His latest pictures are "Thin Ice," with Sonja Heine, and "In Old Chicago," with Alice Faye and Don Ameche.

H. Trapman. Perhaps you have noticed the exchange of players in the various companies. They are borrowed for one or more pictures and no doubt your letters have gone astray for that reason. Don't be discouraged, try again. I am certain many of the stars would appreciate your letters; almost everyone likes to hear praise and commendation.

L. B. No, Edwina Booth's illness was not fatal. However, I do not know whether she has fully recovered, or is still convalescent. She has not appeared in any film to my knowledge since "Trader Horn."

Gwen. Thanks for all the nice things you say. Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, R. I., in 1901. Yes, indeed, he and Jeanette MacDonald are the best of friends, and why not? Perhaps if you write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California, you might be able to get the "Maytime" song you mention.

Betty T. Harpo Marx happened to be in a skit once, in which no lines or action were given him—so he just pantomimed—and hasn't spoken a word on stage or screen since then. All four of the Marx brothers were born in New York City. Groucho, Chico, Harpo and Zeppo are the names. Zeppo has gone into business, but the other three are signed with R-K-O.

Jack R. Barbara Read is Barbara Read's real name; she was born at Port Arthur, Canada, in 1917. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. Ella Logan's birthplace is Glasgow, Scotland; date of her birth, March 6, 1913. She weighs 105 pounds, is 4 feet, 11 inches tall. Cecilia Parker was born in Fort Williams, Canada.

Dorlene H. I haven't an idea in the world as to the size of Tom Brown's shoes, neither do I know his favorite author nor whether he has real freckles! Your other queries concerning him appear in the August issue of SCREENLAND, except the news that he recently married Natalie Draper, a Beverly Hills society girl.

"THE MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938"

This pre-vue picture shows New Universal's famous chorus rehearsing the "You're My Dish" number from MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938 —the great ten star musical with Bert Lahr, Jimmy Savo, Billy House, Alice Brady, Mischa Auer and an all star cast

HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST FASHION

Inspired by NEW UNIVERSAL'S MUSICAL HIT PICTURE of that Name

GLAMOROUS *Lounge Suits* of LUSTROUS "MOIRE"

$4.95 POSTAGE PREPAID

1 Of deluxe quality permanent "Celanese" Moire—richly colored, long wearing

2 Rapturous colors: Navy tunic, red trousers—gold and black—peacock and black. Sizes 12 to 20

3 Convenient zipper front—adds glamour to the sleek princess lines

4 Note the perky puffed and shirred sleeves—the whirlwind tunic skirt—the flare of the wide trousers

5 A gorgeous gift in a gorgeous gift box—so luxurious she'll think you paid twice $4.95

Navy and Red
Gold and Black
Peacock and Black
Sizes 12 to 20

Seductive, alluring—truly a movie queen's gown — shimmering, glimmering "Celanese" Moire — skillfully needled—why you'd expect to pay twice $4.95.

Ordering is easy. Simply fill out the blank below—and either your local dealer will deliver it or we'll ship it parcel post prepaid.

THE STERLING COMPANY, 212 W. MONROE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen—Please have your local dealer send me_____ Merry-Go-Round Lounge Suits in gift box at $4.95 each or ship direct parcel post prepaid.

QUANTITY	COLOR COMBINATION	SIZE	☐ Check Enclosed
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Hold on to your Turbans, folks!

Fun-making Eddie Cantor and hit-making 20th Century-Fox now go to town together! *And it's a Cantornado of laughs!*



Eddie CANTOR

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN

WITH ALL THESE MERRY-MAKING ENTERTAINERS

TONY MARTIN • ROLAND YOUNG
JUNE LANG • LOUISE HOVICK

JOHN CARRADINE — DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE
VIRGINIA FIELD — RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
ALAN DINEHART — PETERS SISTERS • JENI LE GON

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Laurence Schwab
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • Based on a story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Gene Fowler

1001 SIGHTS!
1002 LAUGHS!

..as Eddie turns Bagdad into gag-dad and streamlines the Sultan's swingdom!

Hundreds of dancing harem darlings! (*Whoopsie doops!*)

About a million wild-riding Arab horsemen (*all after Eddie!*)

The Raymond Scott Quintet (*putting the heat in swing!*)

Countless kisses under the desert moon (*as Tony sings to June!*)

1938-model Magic Carpets (*with floating power!*)

A hundred or so other hide-highlights!

Gorgeous, spectacular, tuneful, surpriseful Cantortainment!

Yes! You've got something here!



NEW GORDON and REVEL SONG HITS!

"Laugh Your Way Thru Life"
"Vote For Honest Abe"
"Swing Is Here To Sway"
"I've Got My Heart Set On You"

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Fernand Gravet



Two famous French stars arrive, greeted by the French consul in New York: Mlle. Danielle Darrieux, M. Fernand Gravet (left). The Gravet smile is genuine.



DEAR MR. GRAVET:

Greetings. Or *bon jour, l'amour, toujours l'amour*, and I don't mean Dorothy.

Anyway, whether in French or American, I'm glad you're back. Because you are, by far, the most satisfactory Continental importation we've had. After those icy goddesses, Garbo and Dietrich; the businesslike Sonja Henie; the rather aloof Charles Boyer, and the latest femme arrival, Mlle. Darrieux (Dare-You, and I won't take that dare, thank you)—it's positively refreshing to find a French star such as yourself, Monsieur: affable, modest, and still somehow very definitely charming in that so-Gallic manner. It would have been easy for you to have done a Darrieux and, like that lovely lady, ducked and dodged the press as much as possible during your stay in New York on the way back to Hollywood. But no—I mean, *non, non*. Despite the fact that the "celebrity ship," the Normandie, had a somewhat stormy crossing as it brought over a record number of stars and accordingly attracted a record number of reporters and photographers who stalked the decks practically at dawn tracking down their prey, you appeared as blithe and debonair as in "The King and the Chorus Girl," gave innumerable interviews, answered foolish questions about blondes, never murmured when more reporters suddenly popped out at you in your own hotel suite later, and amiably let every waking moment of your stay in town be scheduled by the publicity department. A portrait sitting early the next morning—but certainly. A magazine interview that noon? *Oui, oui.*

With charm unruffled, and good humor unimpaired, you kept on answering questions—yes, it was wonderful to have Carole Lombard as your leading lady in "Food for Scandal." But yes, blondes are charming—and so are brunettes. You were delighted to be going back to Hollywood, where making pictures is more fun than anywhere else in the world. But just about there the charm began to crack a little. A wistful look appeared on your davidwindsor face. You answered some of the questions a little absent-mindedly. Your mind seemed to be on something else. You got more and more wistful as more and more reporters kept coming in, more and more dates were lined up for you, and finally you came out with it: "I must have a little time to myself," you said gently. Aha—temperament, eh? "Because, you see, Mr. LeRoy wishes to start my new picture as soon as I arrive in Hollywood, and—I am so sorry—but I must take the time to make a date for myself." Mmmm! These gay Europeans. "Yes. I really must insist. I must get the time to make the date—with Mr. Rogers and Mr. Hart, to find out the music they are writing for me to sing in the picture."

And now, M. Gravet, do you mind, while you're in Hollywood making your new picture, giving a little time to making the date for yourself to coach some of our ruder stars on How to have good manners, though in the movies? Thanks so much.

Delight Evans

Are American Women Unfair to Men?

Before you answer, read what Hollywood's brilliant foreign-born actresses say! A story presenting a fresh slant on a provocative question, and a revealing view of Continental charmers' attitude toward romance

By Charles Darnton

THERE'S nothing like a new point of view on that most fascinating of subjects, women.

In this case it is taken, not by moon-struck adorers whose ignorance may account for their possible bliss, but by star-clear observers of the feminine persuasion itself, and accordingly it may be accepted as expert.

Nor is their slant strictly domestic, as happened at the recent convention of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women where the confirmed card-playing woman of no profession and few home cares was given such a rough deal as to bring down the pronouncement, "We are developing a group of parasites who injure society."

For a change, here is the foreign angle. It gains added interest, not to say glamor, from the fact that it marks the attitude of five European actresses—Simone Simon, Olympe Bradna, Luise Rainer, Sigrid Gurie, Rose Stradner—who have brought their varied talents to Hollywood.

All declare that American women demand too much from men. Yet it should be said at once that these imported ornaments to their profession by no means impose any such rigorous strictures as those credited to the stressful N. F. B. P. W. In general they are kindlier to women. In particular—and this is significant—they are kindliest to men. Indeed, any man hearing them might well say with the poet, "How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman."





Luise Rainer, above, the Viennese star who is married to an American, knows both sides of this question, and discusses them. Left, the vivacious Simone Simon says "America is the woman's Garden of Eden." Why?



Olympe Bradna, right, is another Parisienne who has had ample opportunity to compare American with European customs. Left, Sigrid Gurie, Norwegian beauty; read what she has to say.



Let us sound off, then, with Simone Simon, who is very good at this two-sided affair so close to the hearts of women and the bankbooks of men. Back from France to resume her starring career with Twentieth Century-Fox, she puckers up the brow of her innocent child-face and solemnly decides:

"America is the woman's Garden of Eden. Everything that grows in it drops into her lap. You know why this is so? I tell you. The woman here she has the way to twist the man ar-round her finger. The French woman she is not so good a twister. Per-r'aps it is better I explain this, too. You see, in France it is the woman who gets twisted. The man he winds her around his thumb—z-z-z! The husband is what you call the boss. The wife take orders, she never give them. She do not say, 'You buy me this, you give me that.' She stand back and wait for something. Always it is the man who stand in the front like when they have their photograph taken."

By way of illustration the obliging Simone gets up and shrinks humbly against the wall.

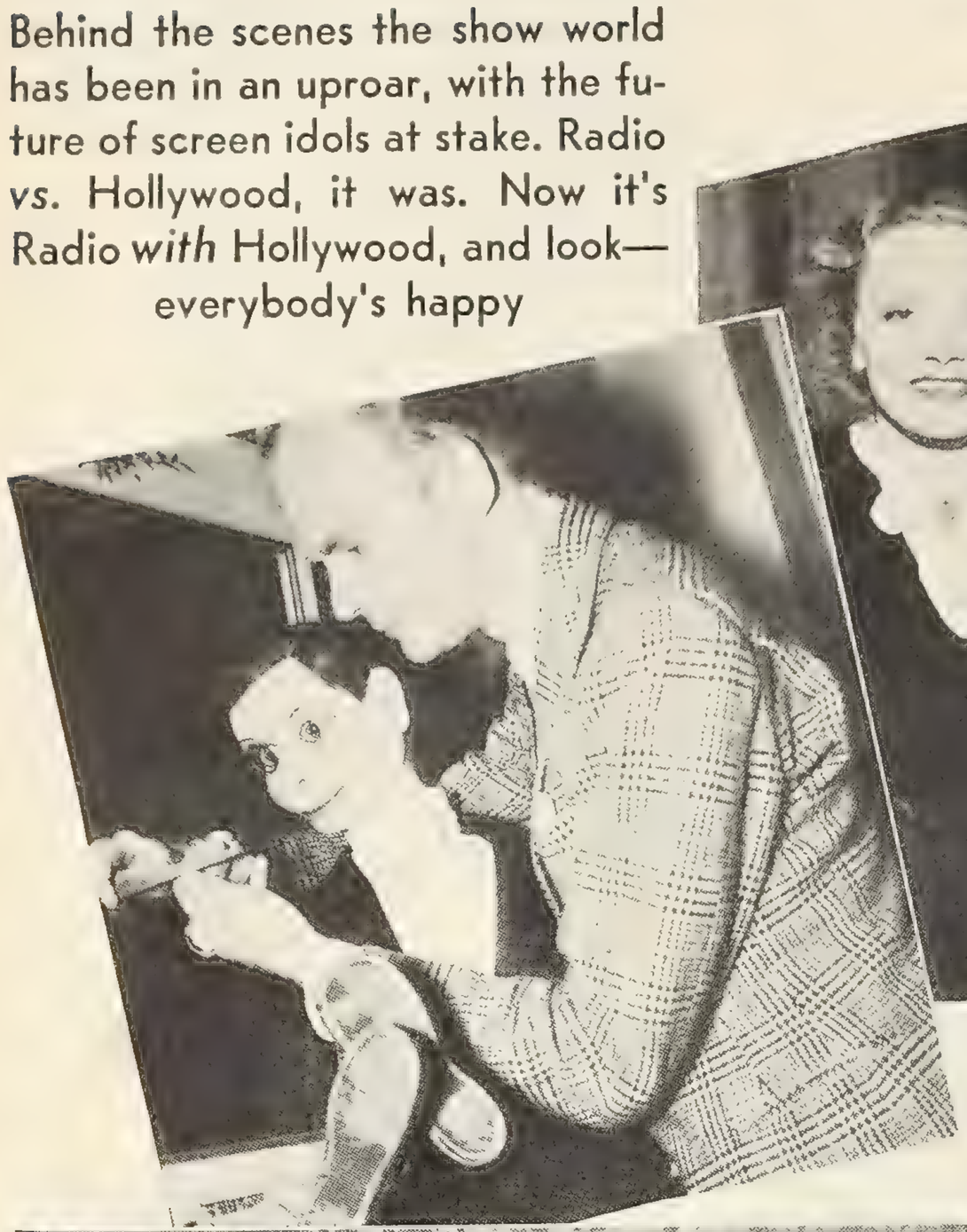
"But here," as she plumps down for emphasis, "it is differ-rent. The woman she ask too much from the man. She as-tonish me. Also the man he surprise me. He have the money, but he do not make the big show. No, he show off the woman. At night he light her up with much jewels and is proud of her like the Eiffel Tower, so I think this is why she comes high. And when I think of this I am pretty sorry for the American man. She ask him for lots of money and she get it. Oh, well, easy goes, easy comes! And anyhow the man he get—what you say?—his money's worth. If his wife say she want to look like a million dollair he say a'right. But in France the conversation it is not like that. It stop before it begin. Here the money talk, and this is nice. But if the French woman talk the money she would right away be afraid she lose her man. Sometimes the American woman she lose hers, but quick she get another, so she is not easy frightened. In Hollywood I am as-tonished when I read in the same paper of her engagement before she get her divorce. Then I think it is because she provide so well for her future that she don't worry. And all the time she look so beautiful in the face and keep her figure so good that nobody suspect she ever has been a wife. But what puzzles me in the head most is that the husband he do the same thing over again and spend his money like the sailor on the land. This is str-range. But you know something? This is a gr-reat compliment to the American woman—oh, yes!"

Now for another French charmer, the still more youthful—seventeen, to be exact—Olympe Bradna. She pleads her youth in modest reluctance to giving her opinion. Certainly this simple and pretty olive-skinned girl with brown curling hair rippling to her shoulders from beneath a white "beanie" looks even younger close-to than in "Souls at Sea." Yet out of her tender years she brings herself to say:

"Everything is done for American women. But they must have something themselves, and they do have everything to make them attractive and desirable. French women don't have so much. They are—big. But here women are beautiful both of face and figure. And they have more chance to dress well. It doesn't cost so much. This is true off the stage as well as on it. In France an artist who gets two hundred francs a week must pay as much as that for one dress. Even clothes for private wear are expensive. But here I bought my first evening gown for twenty-six dollars. There are good stores, and women have everything to help them. (*Please turn to page 72*)

How Hollywood

Behind the scenes the show world has been in an uproar, with the future of screen idols at stake. Radio *vs.* Hollywood, it was. Now it's Radio *with* Hollywood, and look—everybody's happy





Dietrich and Gable, shown broadcasting with Cecil DeMille, are in Radio demand. Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy, left, is Radio's riot. Left below, Irene Dunne and Bob Taylor and, at bottom af page, Grace Moore and Paul Muni, stars in two mediums.



DO YOU realize that Radio has moved to Hollywood? That it is copying Hollywood's success system? That it is shaping most of its major programs around screen names? That even in casting the supporting rôles for air dramas the preference is being given to screen actors? That, as a consequence, the movie stars are riding higher than ever before?

Remember that when Radio City was opened in New York there wasn't a single national hook-up from Hollywood. The magnificent metropolitan skyscraper was presumably the final word; the Rockefellers themselves said so. San Francisco was designated the broadcasting center for the coast. But when Hollywood decided to tussle with Radio that plan went overboard. Now *ninety per cent* of the headline air programs come to you directly from Hollywood!

Here is explicit illustration of how Radio has capitulated. A year ago the Columbia Broadcasting System had four persons on its Southern California staff; today it employs a hundred and ninety. It's completing a $2,000,000 building two blocks from Hollywood Boulevard to handle its important entertainment. To present Hollywood folk at their best CBS is to have eight air studios, one seating over a thousand spectators. Accoustically perfect because every wall is at a slight angle to cut out echo interference, the building's master control room is separated from Sun-





Has Conquered Radio

By
Ben Maddox





Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are Radio "regulars." Above, with DeMille, producer of the Lux Radio Theatre. Right, Claudette Colbert gets mike-fright. Right below, affable president of "Jack Oakie's College." Below, at bottom of page, two pets of pictures and radio, Dick Powell and Jeanette MacDonald.

set Boulevard by merely a plate glass wall. While you stroll along you can easily watch the entire mechanism of the plant. Certainly a Hollywood touch, this! And not to be outdone NBC is discarding its new building of a year ago for a much larger one. Hollywood has Radio going ahead triple pace. Change and progress are local habits.

Radio has come to Hollywood because the public reacted so strongly in favor of screen stars on the air. Shrewd air sponsors forced the big chains to transfer to where the desired talent is.

This influx of Radio has given a new fillip to the movie colony. Every actor now has an agent to take care of his



air offers. The spectacular cash that can be picked up is impressive to say the least! Everyone discusses Radio propositions that are staggering. Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny are tops in salaries, rating around $10,000 a week for their present programs. Jeanette MacDonald is paid $5,000 a week. Add to that her Metro wage and she's a modern wife who's doing all right for herself. The Lux Radio Theatre, the foremost dramatic air show, pays according to a star's picture income—a week's wage for a performance. Thus Gable and Dietrich and the highest salaried screen actors receive some $5,000 for starring for it. (You've noticed how Hollywood this hour has gone, haven't you? It moved West, (*Please turn to page 81*)

Illustrated By Weldon Swain



CHAPTER I

KATRINE MOLLINEAUX and Bill Naughton had been drinking champagne cocktails for most of the afternoon, and they had reached the confidential stage. They were going back—farther back than even Hollywood, with its colossal imagination, could have guessed. At the moment, Katrine was saying:

"It's a long way from Delancy Street to Beverly Hills, isn't it, Big Boy?"

Bill Naughton looked at Katrine quizzically from beneath lowered brows. He'd had one champagne cocktail for every two of Katrine's.

"When I see you sitting in that red plush chair," he said, "I realize it's a very short way! You haven't changed much, Katie!" He ducked suddenly, as Katrine threw a glass at him. It crashed, with a little silvery tinkle, against a marble column that had come from Pompeii.

"Shut up!" Katrine shouted, but it sounded ominously mild under the circumstances. Bill ducked again, instinctively, before he made reply.

"Better send for one of your army of Japs," he advised, "and *don't throw glasses*. Some day you'll hurt somebody with your back parlor tricks."

Katrine beamed at Bill. Her temper was gone with the wind. She murmured: "You know, darling, I'm really very fond of you in a strange way. I'd find it rather hard to struggle along without you!"

Bill told her: "None of that soft soap, Katie—I know how you feel about *me*. . . . You need me to go around after you, picking up the broken glasses and the broken hearts and the broken lives. I'm a good publicity man,



Katrine gave a gasp and felt cold fingers clutching her heart. In the doorway stood a little boy who might have been seven or eight, or at the outside an under-sized nine. He wore blue overalls and a shock of red hair, and his wide, scared eyes reached out across the room until they found Katrine's face and settled there.

Star-Dust Baby

An author renowned for her tensely human stories writes the amazing novel of a mercurial screen siren whose passion for publicity tempts her to toy with the irresistible forces that govern every woman's heart

By
Margaret E. Sangster

and an A-1 fixer. If it weren't for the homework I do, nobody'd go to see your lousy pictures!"

Katrine looked at Bill with eyes that were wide and hurt. Her pictures weren't lousy—Bill knew it, and Katrine knew he knew it.

"You're being nasty, this afternoon," she moaned faintly, and started to cry. Her tears were large and bland.

"Your mascara," warned Bill heartlessly, so she thought better of the burst of emotion and rang for one of her noiseless, perfectly trained Japanese servants, instead.

"Kito," she drawled, as a minute, brown-eyed man made his appearance, "you can sweep up that mess. Mr. Naughton is so careless with glasses."

The Japanese servant made strange hissing noises between his teeth and beamed at Bill. Bill beamed back.

"Kito knows me better than that!" he said. "I never drop—anything!"

The Japanese servant beamed harder than ever, if possible, and bent to retrieve the fragments of crystal that lay upon the floor. Katrine watched him quietly, but her even teeth worried her lower lip.

"When you get through with that business," she said at last, "you can show Mr. Naughton out. He's about ready to go home—aren't you, Bill?"

Bill chuckled and reached for a cigarette. He spoke to the Japanese, ignoring Katrine.

"Don't pay any attention to her, Kito," he remarked placidly, "I'm probably staying for dinner."

The little Japanese broke into speech. Servants, children and animals all adored Bill Naughton. He said: "Good, veddy, veddy good!" and left the room as silently as he had entered it, while Bill winked at Katrine and said, "You see how I stand, honeybunch!"

Katrine twitched one slim shoulder, and muttered:

"You're as thick skinned as a rhinoceros, Bill. Can't you take a hint?"

Bill Naughton laughed softly and for quite a long while. He said:

"You bet I can, when I want to, but this isn't one of the times I want to. I came here to talk business and I've done nothing but drink gallons of your cheap champagne—"

Katrine interrupted furiously. "You pay for a gallon and see how cheap it is—" she told Bill. "So what?"

"So this—" finished Bill. "I'm going to stay until we have our talk, if I've got to make a night of it."

Katrine was undiluted sunshine again. She was mercurial, always. Well, almost always!"

"Are you propositioning me at this late date, darling?" she giggled. "Should I be flattered?"

"No, I'm not propositioning you," Bill retorted. "Oddly enough, I'm trying to earn the rather magnificent salary you pay me. What are you going to do next, baby, to get your name in the papers? Have you made any plans?"

Katrine yawned as whole-heartedly as a kitten. "Divvil a plan," she said. "Thinking of gags for me is *your* job."

Bill groaned, "I know it is and I'd rather play ping-pong with Satan, any day."

Katrine yawned again. She (*Please turn to page 64*)

Snubbing the Stars

They may be fortune's darlings most of the time, but there are occasions when Hollywood's pets have to "take it," whether they like it or not

By
Jerry Asher

BEING a glamor girl or a personality boy is awfully good work if you can get it. But just try and get it and it serves you right. Don't ever think it's all moonlight and shadows with Dorothy Lamour in your arms. The Hollywood pixies from Never-Never land have their little moments too, when those famous faces are not their fortunes. In spite of their world acclaim, the Taylors, the Tones, the Tyrones and the Simones get snubbed beautifully. Even as you or I.

Believe it or Ripley, Fred Astaire was refused admission to a public dance hall. It was when he first came to Hollywood. Before starting a picture he made a tour of all those local points of beauty recommended by the Chamber of Commerce. His good friend Randy Scott offered to serve in the capacity of official guide. One weekend they went to Catalina. Their first night there they wandered down toward the open air pavilion. Fred heard music and quickened his step. (No pun intended.)

"Let's go in and watch them dance," exclaimed the man whose own dancing was destined to thrill fans all over the world.

At the entrance they were stopped. Randy could go in because *he* was wearing a tie. But that gentleman with him would have to put on a tie too. Or wait outside. The famous dancer of two continents preferred to run back to the hotel and attire himself properly. Dressed according to the rules and regulations, he gained admittance. The following Christmas Fred received a box of the most horrible looking ties in captivity. Enclosed was a note from Randy Scott, that read: "Just in case you ever need these in an emergency."

Robert Taylor got his in the Astaire manner. Only Bob's was even tougher, because he *happened* to be with



You'd think, looking at Ginger Rogers, top, that she'd be welcome anywhere. But once she was turned down cold! Fred Astaire, above, was refused admission to a public dance hall. Read why. Franchot Tone, right, is regular enough to admit it when he's in the wrong.



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before—I recall an

By Elizabeth Wilson



Two more film-famous couples who are recent willing victims of Hollywood's Cupid Cycle: Alice Faye and Tony Martin, at left above; and Anne Shirley and John Payne, at right above. Professor, play "Lohengrin"!

especially good one tucked in between an influenza cycle and a star sapphire cycle—so I knew exactly how to comfort myself in the presence of a fresh, dewy-eyed bride. The approach is simple, just a mere blending of the spiritual and the sentimental, the madonna-like smile and the sympathetic hand patting. I knew my lines perfectly, heaven knows I should by this time, but I regret to say that Miriam didn't throw me a single cue, not one. When I had arrived at the point, (with great difficulty due to the constant ringing of the telephone), where Miriam, as a fresh young bride, was supposed to look dewy-eyed, blush modestly, and Tell All about her Beloved, she merely kicked off her mules and proceeded to do her toe nails with nonchalance and a bright red polish. During this ceremony, which I assure you is simply devastating to the mystic ecstacies, I should say that at least twenty people passed in and out of Miriam's dressing-room, including her ex-husband Austin Parker, a Madame Somebody or Other who reads fortunes with cards, a masseuse, a producer, several Russians, and a man with a script from the studio.

"Come on over, dear," Miriam had said on the phone. "We'll talk. Just you and I." Just you and I, my eye. It was about as cozy as Grand Central station when the Century gets in with Robert Taylor. But Miriam has always loved having people around her, the most ill-assorted but thoroughly fascinating people, and if she ever invites you to a quiet little just-you-and-I-dear dinner in her lovely home don't be at all surprised if eighty people sit down at little tables. Not party-crashers, heavens no, Miriam knows each and every one of them, and each and every one of them has the most thrilling life story—when Miriam tells it. Well, there wasn't much I could do about "the real marriage story" with Austin Parker shouting, "The script smells. I wouldn't do it if I were you," Madame shuffling the cards, and Lubitsch crashing into Greig in the next room. But eventually there comes a lull, even at Miriam's, and I let loose with, "When did you meet Tola? When did you fall in love?" When? When? When? Why? Why?

"I had to marry Tola," said Miriam giving me one of her famous under-the-long-eyelash winks. "You see if I hadn't married him I would have made a liar out of one of the best fortune tellers in Europe. She would have been awfully mad." No blushing bride had ever told me that before, me who has survived, (without benefit of grammar), at least six marriage cycles. This, indeed, was going to be a new high—*or* a new low—in marriage stories.

"Her name was Madame Hungaria and I met her in Paris and she did perfectly marvelous things with cards and crystal balls. She told me that when I returned to Hollywood I would be hurt in an automobile accident—and I was, when Mrs. Astaire's car bumped into mine. Then she said that within a week I would meet a man who would be very important in my life and I would marry him and his name would be four letters. 'It's like Tony,' she said, 'but it isn't Tony.' I was frightfully intrigued.

"A few days later in the cocktail lounge of the Normandie I met a Mr. Litvak—[Editorial aside: Miss Hopkins did *not* pick him up, he was properly introduced by mutual friends]—who in the course of the conversation said his name was Anatole and I said what fun, I can remember that easily because I once played in 'The Affairs of Anatole' on Broadway. 'But my friends call me Tola,' he said. 'T-o-l-a—it (*Please turn to page 80*)

Carole and Freddie as Co-Stars



When Carole Lombard and Fredric March team up in a Ben Hecht comedy, the fun is fast and furious. At left, Freddie as star reporter swears to his managing editor, Walter Connolly, that he'll bring back the newspaper scoop of the year—or else. What he "brings back" is Carole, accompanied by Charles Winninger, and for what happens then, read our story.

"THIS is New York," Wally Cook, star reporter of the Morning Star, had written in one of his most inspired articles. "Skyscraper champion of the world, with a silk hat for a soul and a mammy song for a heart. This is Bagdad, Babylon, and Podunk in a cake walk between two river banks. This is where the Slickers and the Smart Alecks hang their gold hats, and where the sky is a forgotten sign left in the wind by a defunct firm. This is New York, where the handwriting on the wall is part of a daily menu. The fortress of sophistication with a price tag for a flag. Where nothing is too strange, too macabre, too humpty dumpty or too Ooh-la-la—if it happened there."

And nothing had been too humpty dumpty to happen in New York. For there he was, Wally Cook, the tops in newspapermen, kicked smack off the front page into the dismal backwash of the obituary columns!

What did a paper demand of a reporter anyway, he thought glumly. Maybe he should have been born with a crystal ball in his mouth. Maybe that's what Oliver Stone demanded on his staff: psychic powers. Even now it hurt to think of Oliver, that heel who used to be his friend and was still his editor.

He'd been his pal all right when Wally Cook had unearthed the Sultan of Mazipan at a night club and brought that fabulous offer of his to erect a Temple of Art in New York where the theatre, the dance, and

"Nothing Sacred," gay and giddy Ben Hecht romance with Lombard and March, is here retold in sparkling fiction form. Read season's sprightliest screen story



More scenes from "Nothing Sacred" something new in hilarious screen nonsense. Left, Carole swings at Freddie while Connolly watches. But don't worry, love finds a way, as shown below, with Carole and Freddie, after a series of amusing events, reunited.



Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

Please turn to Page 74 for cast and credits of "Nothing Sacred," Selznick-International technicolor picture released by United Artists

all the other branches of culture would be offered free to the people, right to the city desk. Oliver had patted little Wally on the head when the Sultan had consented to allow the Morning Star to sponsor his giant project, and wasn't it that same Wally who had sat in a seat of honor at the speaker's table at the banquet the paper had thrown to introduce the Sultan and his plan to the great and near great of the city?

Oh yes, Oliver had thrown plenty of bouquets at the feet of his star reporter that night, until the fatal moment when the dark lady from Harlem had crashed the banquet with her brood of pickaninnies and denounced the Sultan as her erring husband and the bejewelled Sultana as the massage parlor girl who had broken up her happy home.

And Oliver had blamed him, Wally Cook! As if anyone in God's newspaper world could have spotted the be-jeweled and turbaned potentate for a Harlem waiter with a Sultan complex.

And Ernest, alias Sultan of Mazipan, expiating his sins by emptying the office wastepaper baskets, proved a constant annoying reminder of his other degradation. In a sudden spurt of indignation Wally jumped to his feet and made for Oliver's office.

"There's a limit to human endurance," he announced with that flamboyance even the obituary page could not take away from him.

"Indeed, Mr. Cook?" Oliver gave him a cold, disdainful glance.

"Listen, Oliver," Wally tried being his most ingratiating self, "I've been sitting in that doghouse for three weeks pounding out those daffy obituaries and I'm getting sick of it."

"Not sick enough, Mr. Cook," Oliver exaggerated a shudder as he picked up a piece of proof and began reading it.

"That's gratitude!" Wally threw charm to the winds and bellowed protestingly. "I'm the best reporter you ever had. I've handed you a dozen scoops. I've frozen my eyeballs out for you in Labrador and I've run myself bow-legged through fire and flood for you, and now just because of some goofy little accident that might happen to anyone, you do this to me! Oliver, I tell you the paper's going to rack and ruin with me hidden in that water cooler. Look at this." He picked up the piece of proof and thrust it dramatically in front of the other. "Three sticks on the biggest human interest story that's hit this town in years. A poor (*Please turn to page 74*)

The adorable Deanna is shown, right, in her first evening gown. Below, a close-up of today's Deanna, then at bottom of page, when she was very, very young. Note how her radiance is not acquired—she was, of course, born with it.



Deanna Durbin's Unknown Story

By
Ida Zeitlin

For the first time, the great heart interest story of the screen's sensational girl singer is told here in all its fascinating detail





WHEN Edna May Durbin was born less than fifteen years ago, her sister Edith bent over the crib, and thought: "What a nice baby!" Now that Edith is grown up and married, and Edna May has become Deanna Durbin, the movie star, the elder sister's opinion of the younger remains substantially the same.

She still calls Deanna Edna, because it comes more naturally to her. Deanna calls her Deedee. "It was her baby name for me, and it's stuck. She tacks an *e* on everybody's name. She calls my husband Clarency, for instance, as if Clarence weren't bad enough." Her smile is exactly like Deanna's, even to the little corner dimples. Her manner is like her sister's too—friendly without exuberance, wellbred without being stiff.

The Durbins are none of them given to extravagances of speech. With true British reticence, they keep their feelings to themselves. What they think of each other, you've got to catch in a glance or intonation, for you won't hear it in words.

But as Edith tells the story of Deanna's childhood, the picture begins to form. A closeknit family of four, happy in one another, modest in their demands on life, with a sane sense of values left untouched by their transplantation into a new world. A household where the children were cherished without being spoiled. When it was discovered that their youngest had a voice which set her apart, they were pleased, but with a sober pleasure. They realized too keenly the responsibilities involved for her, to be wildly elated.

"We knew she'd take the responsibilities hard," says Edith. "She was always a conscientious child. I remember one Christmas she was ill with tonsilitis, and so disappointed because she couldn't help trim the tree. So I brought a little one home, and set it on the table beside her bed. 'We'll trim it together,' I told her."

No sooner had they finished than, to Deedee's horror, Edna slumped back among the pillows.

"But why didn't you tell me you weren't feeling well enough?" her sister reproached her later.

"Well," she whispered, "you took the trouble to bring it just for me. The least I could do was trim it."

The family knew she had a sweet voice and could carry a tune. They saw nothing remarkable in that. Their friends enjoyed hearing her, so when she was very small, they'd lift her to a table and let her warble her favorite *Pal of My Cradle Days*. Even when she grew older, and people began asking her to sing on charity programs, it never occurred to the Durbins that her voice might be anything but a source of pleasure to a few. And Edna, being a Durbin, accepted it in the same way.

For the rest, she lived the life of the average child in moderate circumstances, went to school, made friends among her classmates, spent the afternoons roller skating with them, sang in school productions. An ice-cream soda at a drug-store counter with the girls, or an early movie, constituted special treats. She loved the movies. When Clarence Heckman, engaged to Deedee, started working in the music department of a studio, she would pelt him, like any child of her age, with questions about the stars: "Whom did you see today, Clarency?" she would beg. Joan CRAWford? ! ! *Really?* How did she look, what did she have on, how close did you see her?—Heavens, Clarency, weren't you *thrilled?*"

"Practically paralyzed, Ednerts," Clarence would assure her. "They had to pick me off the floor with a poker." Ednerts is by way of retaliation for Clarency. Far from offending Deanna, she considers it cute.

It was a family friend who practically pushed the Durbins into doing something about Edna's voice. Her daughter was taking piano lessons from an accompanist of Ralph Thomas, the singing teacher.

"Let me talk to him about the child's voice," she kept urging. "It's too good to be left untrained."

"We didn't pay much attention at first," says Edith, "because—well, you know how it is. You find it hard to believe that right in your own family and for no good reason, there's a voice that people will pay to hear. And besides, we hadn't had the money for lessons. But I'd finished school the summer before, I'd been teaching

Colorful close-ups of the Durbin career. Reading down: with her director, Henry Koster; a singing lesson with maestro de Segurola; then, lunch with Koster and her producer, Pasternak; at bottom of page, as the star of "Three Smart Girls," her first film, with Nan Grey and Barbara Read; a kiss from Eddie Cantor after a broadcast; and finally, Deanna astride her first pony.











since September, so I felt that if anything did come of it, I could at least help with the financial end.

"Our friend spoke to this man, she had him hear Edna sing, she made the appointment with Mr. Thomas, she all but carried us to the door. Not that we were unwilling exactly—just timid, I suppose, about daring to think that Edna might become a professional singer."

Having been all but carried to the door, Mrs. Durbin and the two girls went in. Edna, just turned eleven, sang. It was no storybook scene. Mr. Thomas didn't fling his arms in the air, and shout: "Here is a voice." His eyes didn't sparkle with the joy of discovery. Maybe he was naturally phlegmatic. Maybe he found no cause to be otherwise. He thought it was a good voice. He thought he could develop it. Such and such were his terms. Lessons were arranged for, and the Durbins went home.

They were unique in this—that, living in Los Angeles where children with a spark of talent or none at all bombard the studios daily—the thought of the movies never entered their heads. It was opera that Edna began to dream about. One day she came home and told them quietly: "Mr. Thomas said that maybe years and years from now I'll be able to sing in grand opera. You'd like that, wouldn't you? Only I don't suppose I'd better get excited about it yet. Because maybe I won't be good enough." Meantime she enjoyed her lessons, was grateful to Deedee for making them possible, continued at school, sang at her teacher's recitals and looked ahead to years of the same routine.

And so it might have worked out, if Metro hadn't needed a girl to play the young Schumann-Heink. Among others, they asked Jack Sherrill, an agent, to look out for a twelve-or thirteen-year-old, "with a fairly good voice, it doesn't have to be sensational."

One day a friend phoned. The fates seemed to be at work, for he knew nothing of Sherrill's commission. "I'm down here at Ralph Thomas's. I've just heard a kid with an operatic voice. Say, Jack, she's good. Want to hear her?"

"Hold her," said Sherrill, grabbed his hat and ran.

One look at her face, and he knew he didn't have to worry over that part of it. She sang *Il Bacio* for him. "How'd you like to go into pictures?" he asked.

Her eyes widened, the only sign of any inward turmoil. "Do you think I could?" she returned soberly.





Deanna, at top left, with Adolphe Menjou and Leopold Stokowski in "100 Men and a Girl." Reading from top right: with her mother; a family scene, with father Durbin reading the paper, Deanna with her dog, mother knitting; and, at right, Mr. Durbin chats with Deanna's beloved sister Edith.

Sherrill offered her parents a managerial contract. "We were all quite calm about it," Edith recalled with a gleam of amusement. "Mr. Sherrill's attitude may have had something to do with that. He didn't seem to care very much one way or the other, sort of take it or leave it. It wasn't until after the contract was signed that he began getting enthusiastic. We were so ignorant of what the whole thing meant and would mean, that we couldn't tell what to do. Edna didn't urge us one way or the other, she said whatever we decided would be all right. So—mother and dad finally decided to take the plunge and sign."

Sherrill arranged for an audition at Metro. The little girl sang *Il Bacio* for an assistant musical director. He summoned his superior. She sang again. A buzz of whispering, and a third expert was (*Please turn to page 70*)

Mad "Mr. and Mrs."



Clarence S. Bull

William (Tell) Powell, wearing Myrna's new hat and apparently borrowing Spanky MacFarland's favorite toy gun, and Miss (Apple a Day) Loy compose their famous features into perfect professional dead-pans to appease the studio photographer's craving for "something new and crazy" in the way of a funny picture. At left and right, the skilful players counterfeit a domestic battle; and below, they pose prettily for a tender scene.

The madder and merrier the movie, the greater the rush of customers to the box-offices of the land. So that popular team of Myrna Loy and William Powell cast aside care and discretion completely to pose for "gag" pictures such as the one at the top of this page; and to stage many merry battles, and almost as many sweet makings-up, in their charmingly crazy new film. Don't ask us where it will all end. All we hope is, that M-G-M never arranges a divorce between *Nick* and *Nora*, or Myrna and Bill, or whatever you want to call the screen's most sophisticated couple.

Most hilariously hectic "married couple" in our movies, Myrna Loy and William Powell continue their "Thin Man and Wife" cycle, this time titled "Double Wedding"

Topper Taylor!

Presenting Bob at his best in portraiture. Here are the latest and most realistic close-ups of the screen's Prince Charming

Willinger

Hundreds of thousands of women can't be wrong—they say Robert Taylor is even handsomer off than on-screen. These portraits are further proof. For poise as well as profile, consider this shot at right; and for the easy informality and engaging Taylor smile, study the three grand close-ups above and at left. Bob is now in England making his latest, and first picture abroad, "A Yank at Oxford."









"In Old Chicago" the rivals, above, are Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, with Alice Faye—very understandably, as you notice at the far right—the object of their affections. The scenes at right and below tell the story. Right, the lines of battle are drawn. Below, Tyrone and Don fight it out. But they're pals again, with Alice Brady as mediator, in the scene at bottom of page.



Friendly Rivals

Amiable, but none the less ardent antagonists for the favor of Alice Faye, are Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, as two very personable men and a very pretty girl become romantically involved in a new and elaborate screen play

On, and On, and On With the Dance!

Hollywood has been dancing for years. But now, for the first time, it offers classic ballet to screen audiences. Samuel Goldwyn, real picture pioneer of the artistic and worthwhile, presents in "The Goldwyn Follies" the American Ballet of George Balanchine. Left, Heidi Vesseler, called "world's ballet beauty." At right, close-ups of two other dancers, Hortense Kahrklin and Madeleine Leweck; and across top of opposite page, views of girl dancers in practice clothes, hard at work rehearsing.





Three different dance styles are illustrated, at left, by Evelyn Thawl, newcomer to Hollywood from Broadway: far left, the hey-hey "Charleston." Center, the French can-can. Left, today's strut. Now, at right, you see Priscilla Lane rehearsing one of her own original dance routines, in gay, reckless modern tempo.

And still they dance! This time it's the "Merry-Go-Round," new dance performed in tango-rhumba time, created by Carl Randall for Universal's "Merry-Go-Round of 1938," and performed by John King and Joy Hodges, love team in the picture—in eight positions, reading from left to right across the center of our two pages. Now you try it!

Here Dwells Dainty Anita

Anita Louise, whose delicate colorings and Dresden china charm are reflected in the interior treatment of her house, is seen at upper left, on the stairway that ascends from a tastefully furnished reception hall. Above, the star in her music room. Top right, breakfast room.

There's a play room—equipped with bar—in Anita's home, and you'll find it inviting and attractive as represented in the view at right center. Right, the bedroom, daintily feminine to the last detail of the draperies and bed-spread. Above, Anita does a bit of needlework there in the far corner near a window in the sitting room.

Anita Louise, perhaps more than any Hollywood home-builder, finds the perfect expression of her own personality in her fastidiously planned abode





The porch, a pleasant place to enjoy the sunny—when it is—California weather, also provides good candid camera shots, as you see at top right. Above, breakfast in her boudoir. At upper left, the lady of the house supervises the final arrangements of the dining table.





Close-up of the table set for dinner, gives you an idea of the tasteful way crystal and lace, china and silver are arranged at Anita's house—left center. Left, a view of the drawing-room from the library. That's Anita standing in center foreground. Above, a close-up view of the fireplace, central feature of the living room.

Dick Powell boasts one of the most extensive—and expensive—wardrobes in Hollywood, so trust Dick to wear just the right clothes when he goes places. You get the idea in the three poses of Mr. Powell above: check sports jacket, belted informal lounging coat, and high hat with a timely tilt—all show style.

They're Dictators—of Fashions for Men

What the well-dressed man will wear—or will he? Anyway, you must admit Hollywood actors know how to pick clothes that suit their personalities



Tennis is Ralph Bellamy's favorite sport—he plays and he also runs a popular tennis club. What's more, as proved by the picture at left, Ralph knows how to dress when he's going out to the courts. Jack Holt, right, gives the mature and substantial man of affairs style ideas worth copying.









Preston Foster, apparently, doesn't do things by halves, and he puts on a real fashion-plate pose to illustrate, above, the very latest thing for formal morning wear. Patric Knowles, center above is another smart dresser, gives just the right twist to a black and white checked scarf.





For something dashing you may always look to George Raft, who likes his clothes to be lively as well as smartly tailored. George, above, sets a sprightly pace with a spirited sports jacket. Left, a bit on the quiet side, but always distinctive, are the clothes Ian Hunter wears.





And speaking of expressing personality in the clothes a man wears, here's Cesar Romero, above, overcoated and hatted precisely, it seems to us, as you'd expect of the actor who plays those dark and menacing screen rôles so convincingly. There's nothing in the pose to suggest that Kent Taylor, left, is setting fashions—but have another close look at the trim fit and smartly striped fabric of his double breasted outfit. Right, the customary lounging costume of Hollywood, sweater, slacks, and open-collared shirt—worn with that casual ease characteristic of Randy Scott. Randy's taking it easy here on a holiday from the studios.

Here are snappy sequences guaranteed to prove the marvelous mobility of favorite picture performers

Hugh Herbert Sees a Ghost!



"What's this? Fish, fowl, good red herring? Oooh! A monster, no less. What? Why, it talks. It's—why it's Boris Karloff. How are you, Boris? You'll have to excuse my bewilderment, but I didn't know you were working here at Warners now. Greetings, Frankenstein. Welcome to our —tee-hee-hee—film factory. I've got a couple new inventions I want you to see."

Mrs. Charles Boyer's Day Off



"Bon jour, Gabrielle. I'll be out all day, so here's tonight's dinner menu. Be sure there's enough brandy in the crepes suzette—Mr. Boyer will be home early from the studio, but we'll dine at eight, anyway. Now I must dash to the hairdresser." "Are you sure it's quite dry? I'm starting a new picture next week and I don't want sniffles and a red nose. So you liked Pat Paterson in '52nd. St.'? Mrs. Boyer thanks you!" "Umm—wonder if Charles will like this one? He should, it's blue." "Suppose I put on the 'Bolero' before the guests come. It makes a good entrance."

New Idol Relaxes

"Ho-hum, it's good to have some time between pictures to brush up on my reading. But gosh, I suppose they'll caption this one, 'Wayne Morris has a book.' I'd better do something else for the photographer. This is more like it, playing checkers by telephone. But maybe they won't believe that, either. Well, here's one they can't say is faked. I'm not such a bad ivory-tickler for an amateur. Say, when do we eat? That's an idea —and there's nothing like an ice-cold tomato sprinkled with salt, out of your own icebox."

Pictures Must Tell A Story



Three is Still a Crowd

Robert Montgomery: "Roz, did you invite Bob Benchley to come between us?" Rosalind Russell: "Don't be silly! He's just the comedy relief." Montgomery: "But pretty stiff competition if you ask me. Bob, you old scene-stealer, get out of here, before you come between two hard-working co-stars, or 'Night Must Fall.'" Montgomery-Russell: "Ah, alone at last—except for director, assistant directors, cameramen, electricians, press agents, and—oh, yes—the still photographer of our latest film, 'Live, Love and Learn'—we hope you like it!"



The Story of a Slap

Lola Lane, on the set of "Hollywood Hotel": "Sorry, Dick, this hurts me almost as much as it does you." Ted Healy: "I bet that's what you tell all the boys, Lola." Lola again, swinging into action: "Is that so! Then see how you like it." Director, interfering: "Sorry, Mr. Powell, we'd better do it again. No, Lola—put some real punch in it." Later, Lola to sister Rosemary Lane: "Honest, I hated that scene. Dick's such a nice boy, too. And is my palm red!"

Swing Stuff

Johnny Davis: "Well, Mr. Deeds went to town once, so I guess I can too. Anyway, here's where I give my all for 'Hollywood Hotel.' Now what's the matter? Maybe my bugle has gone Hollywood." The Maestro, Benny Goodman: "Listen to this—it panicked 'em at ny personal appearance at the Paramount on Broadway." Gene Krupa: I know they call it Goodman's Band; but just between us, here would he be without his hot little drummer y? Wow!"



Wake Up and Clown!

Dizziness begins at dawn for that zealous zany, Ben Blue. First chime of the alarm clock starts Ben clowning—fine way to get into the mood for work





Here's a new game for you! It's called "around the clock with a cuckoo." In other words a day in the life of a movie merry-go-rounder who goes dizzy to delight laugh-seekers. Ben goes into his dance before he gets out of bed, and you can follow him through his morning ablutions, to dressing and breakfasting, from top to bottom at left, and on to a dip in the ocean, right. Above, Ben Blue and Judy Canova, two successful screen screamers, in a new picture, "Thrill of a Lifetime."







Bob Burns and his bride have a lovely new home in Bel-Air, as you see in these pictures of the exterior and interior of the house, below, with the comedian and Mrs. Burns enjoying life there. Left, Robin has a feathered friend he's proud of—says he swims like a duck. Far left, listening to a recording of a recent broadcast—the elaborate equipment in his home enables Bob to be his own severest critic.



Robin's Rest— Between Gags

Bob Burns holidays at home—you understand why when you look in on him as he relaxes, which we make easy for you by presenting these real-life views







It's Always Play-Time in Hollywood

All the year 'round, Hollywood's handsome young people cavort by sea or stream, dune or dude ranch. Top left, new team-mates Jimmy Ellison and Jean Parker take time off from "The Barrier" for fun. Center, not making much hay but looking lovely are Jean Rogers, Judith Barrett, Frances Robinson. Top right, that cut-up, Marie Wilson. Jean Parker again in her sun-suit, Jean Rogers doing a lady Lincoln act; and, left, Lana Turner kidding Izaak Walton.

Jane Bryan, left, takes her sun seriously. Joy Hodges, right, not only decorates a swimming-pool, she can really swim. Below center, Larry "Buster" Crabbe teaches Paramount's student players the fine art of posing in the pool. At bottom of page, from left to right: new twosome, Betty Grable and Leif Ericson; Mary Maguire, ready for badminton; and Margaret Lindsay, beautiful support for a fine old Hollywood star, Sir Tree.

The spirit of picture-land is always gay no matter what the season

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "The Adventures of Marco Polo"



Against the extravagantly colorful backgrounds of Oriental splendor of the 13th century, Gary Cooper plays the adventurer who journeyed from Europe to Asia, and discovered the riches of the Great Khan's court—and also the lovely *Princess Kukachin*, played by Sigrid Gurie, Norwegian star who makes her Hollywood bow in this picture, and seen in the Still of the Month, at right. Above, Gary in a scene with Basil Rathbone and Ernest Truex. Below, close-up of the stars in a romantic scene from the new Goldwyn epic.



Kahle

London

Stars are brisk and hearty when they sojourn in England for work or play

By Hettie Grimstead



Leslie Howard, his wife and son, Ronald, arrive for an extended stay in their native land. Roland Young, right, goes penguin-collecting. Sonja Henie, at far right with Monty Banks, was a popular visitor. At right below, Raymond Massey, homecomer; and Robert Taylor, new arrival.









PARDON my bruises. I went to Southampton Docks to meet Robert Taylor and since thousands of his English women fans had had the same idea, I literally fought my way across the "Berengaria" gang-plank and up on to the sun-deck where the hero of the hour was standing. In a blue-grey suit that exactly matched his eyes, Bob was waving down to the seething feminine mass on the dock, calling out that he was glad to see them and delighted they had taken the trouble to come.

"Does it worry you?" I asked him curiously.

His sun-tanned face wrinkled into the famous smile.

"It'll worry me when they stop mobbing me," he replied. "I like my fans and I'm tremendously grateful to them. I only hope they aren't disappointed when they meet me in the flesh."

Well, *I* wasn't anyway! Undoubtedly Bob is far more good-looking in reality than on the screen which can't convey his fresh complexion and rich jet-black hair and the air of well-groomed health he radiates. I've met many famous Hollywood visitors but never one so natural nor so modest as Robert Taylor. He tries to have a smile, a wave, a word for each and every one of the crowds that besiege him and he signs autograph-books until his fingers go stiff with cramps. He was so considerate for other people aboard the "Berengaria" the stewards became his fans to a man. They voluntarily mounted guard outside his stateroom door when he asked not to be disturbed—when he was having his daily ocean phone talk with his mother, for instance, or reading his mail which he always makes his own personal duty.

Down at Denham Studios, where there is a wonderful replica of the grey old college which Bob will attend as "A Yank at Oxford," everybody echoes the verdict of the ship, for the Taylor charm has completely captured them. He kept the make-up man waiting five minutes one morning and apologized to him profusely! He never fails to open the door for a woman or place a chair on the set for a visitor and he listens to your conversation with the most charmingly flattering attention.

During the making of his British picture, which has Maureen O'Sullivan in the cast, Bob is (*Please turn to page 67*)



STAGE DOOR—RKO-Radio

TOP entertainment of the movie month, this very free and easy-to-take screen translation of the Edna Ferber "play" surpasses every other offering. It's spirited and sparkling, but surprisingly enough, not at all shallow. Beneath the glitter of the good lines, both of dialogue and the big cast of girls, is genuine heart-interest, revealed in terms of true cinema, thanks to director Gregory LaCava. The account of the goings-on in a girls' theatrical boarding-house in New York is skimpy stuff until Mr. LaCava takes it in hand and turns it into a warm, wise, and witty show. Cheers, too, for his inspired direction of Ginger Rogers, who for the first time proves she can stand on her own shapely feet as an authentic artist without Astaire. As *Jean,* wisecracking little dancer who is the life of the girls' club, Miss Rogers dominates every scene in which she appears, glowing with good spirits and that electric quality possessed by the few screen "greats." She steals Hepburn's scenes; she makes even Menjou a background actor for once. It's Ginger's picture—except for those scenes in which Andrea Leeds appears. This new Miss Leeds holds her own even with Ginger, as the tragic young actress robbed of her coveted rôle by Hepburn.

Reviews of the best Pictures by Delight Evans



ANGEL—Paramount

THE elegance of Dietrich, the suavity of Herbert Marshall, the indifference of Melvyn Douglas, and dozens of Lubitsch touches fail to put "Angel" into the heavenly class of super-cinemas. We've been hearing of "Lubitsch touches" for more years than we care to count; and occasionally we've seen some; but if there are any typical "Lubitsch touches" in this picture they are so light as to be barely noticeable. There's the Eddie Horton touch, and the Ernest Cossart touch—as the valet and butler of the Dietrich-Marshall household, these two peerless performers bring the film to life whenever they appear; but this is too seldom. The story is a mess of amorous mumbo-jumbo in which Dietrich is the world's most desired woman, by two men, her husband, Mr. Marshall, and the mysterious stranger, Mr. Douglas. Admitting Dietrich *is* the world's most alluring woman, need we be reminded of the fact in every scene? She's lovely to watch, but we really wonder if a man like Herbert Marshall, with his sly sense of humor and all, would have been so patient. We're not so surprised at Mr. Douglas. It's handsomely mounted, gorgeously costumed, expensively produced; but it makes an old short story long in none too entertaining fashion.



LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE—20th Century-Fox

AND mad movie comedy begins, and ends, with the Ritz Brothers. If you like the boys, this will probably be your favorite screen entertainment of the season. If you don't like them, I'm sorry for you; you're missing a lot of fun. To me they are filling, in fact overflowing, a long-felt need—now that Chaplin has retired in gloomy grandeur, Harold Lloyd makes so few pictures, and the Marx Brothers have gone to the races. Of course, you have to fling yourself into the mood with something of the Ritz Brothers' own wild abandon, to appreciate them at their true worth, especially since they are now Stars, carrying the weight of the whole picture on their shoulders. It's all right, though, in this case—"Life Begins in College" is just the blend of berserk nonsense the boys can do the most good with. The gridiron, as you've guessed, is the scene of their hilarious labors here, and until you've watched the Ritz Brothers play football you have not really laughed. Their other numbers include a rhumba specialty, an Indian burlesque, and the Spirit of '76 boys —stop, they're killing me. A surprise standout is Nat Pendleton as an Indian football star. Tony Martin is present, too briefly. Joan Davis does a funny song and dance. Gloria Stuart smiles.

GOOD:

"Life Begins in College"
"Something to Sing About"

BETTER:

"The Perfect Specimen"
"Ebb Tide"

BEST:

"Stage Door"

CHEERS FOR:

Ginger Rogers, Andrea Leeds in "Stage Door"

Oscar Homolka, Ray Milland in "Ebb Tide"

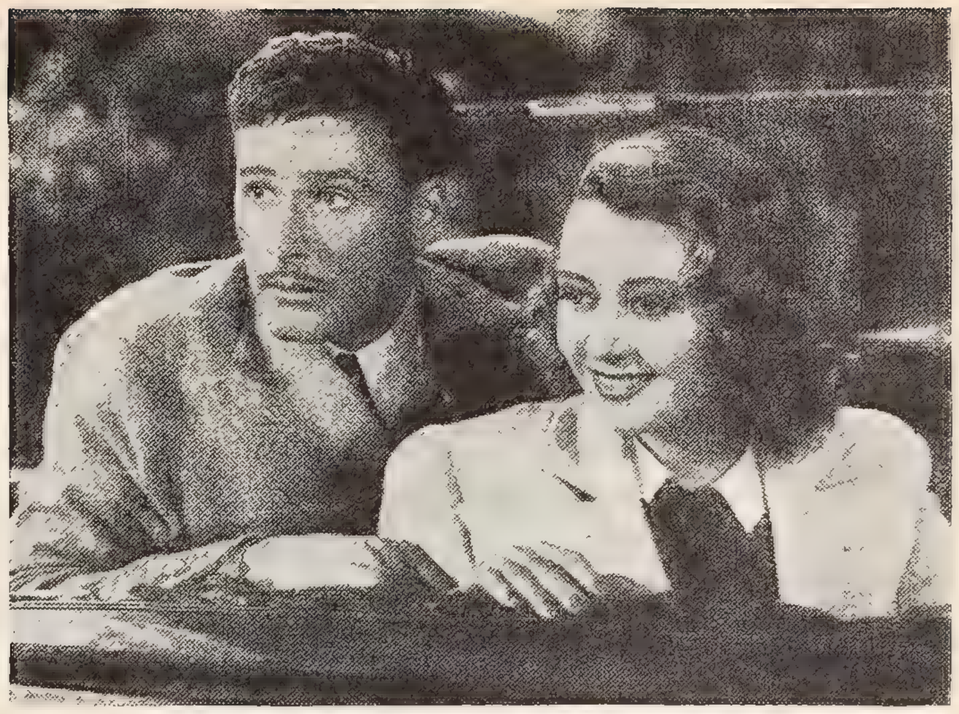
CHUCKLES FOR:

Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell, May Robson, Edward E. Horton, Hugh Herbert in "The Perfect Specimen"

James Cagney in "Something to Sing About"

ROARS FOR:

The Ritz Brothers in "Life Begins in College"



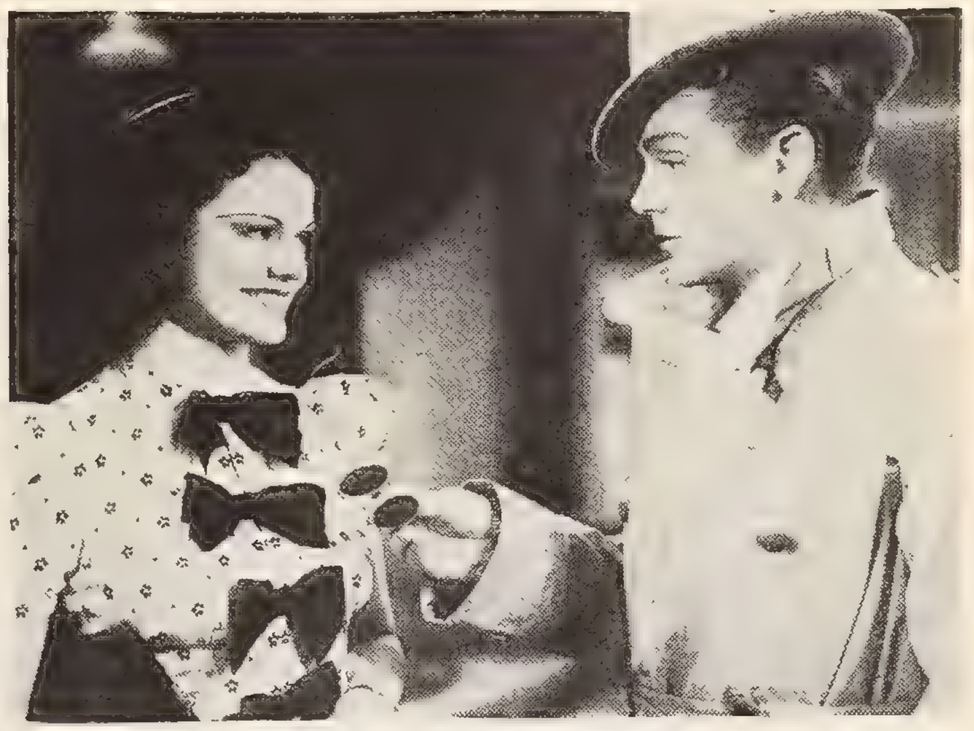
THE PERFECT SPECIMEN—Warners

A GRAND, gay show, with Errol Flynn proving he is just as potent a personality—though no better an actor, I must add—as in costume "period" pieces; and with Joan Blondell delivering her deftest performance to date as a young woman who, amazingly enough, takes one hour and forty-five minutes to fall for the Flynn charm. This has what's so very, very rare in screen comedy circles: a truly amusing idea—that of an earnest, upright young man, heir to millions, whose doting grandma insists that he study to become "the perfect specimen" of physique, intelligence, and everything else, skipping only human nature. It turns out, of course, that Mr. Flynn is just as human as the more imperfect specimen peopling our poor world, but it takes a series of entertaining episodes—some hilarious, some thrilling, all delightful—to awaken him to keen interest and appreciation in such every-day occurrences as prize-fights, which I regret to add he always wins; beautiful girls, of which Miss Blondell is the prize specimen; and a working sense of humor. May Robson is superb as the tyrannical granny; Eddie Horton is priceless as the absent-minded secretary; Hugh Herbert is crazily present. Mr. Flynn is definitely, here, No. 1 Threat-to-Taylor.



EBB TIDE—Paramount

THE most entrancing scenic shots in true technicolor yet seen on the screen occur in "Ebb Tide," first fictional film to turn to tropic isles and dazzling sea for color values. When you see the good ship "Golden State" ploughing the waves with the sun sparkling on the Pacific—and also on Frances Farmer's hair—you will probably be moved to applause, and the certainty that color films are here to stay. When *I* saw how Raymond Milland takes to color, I was more than ever convinced that I had, 'way back there in silent days, picked a winner in this handsome young Englishman with the rather lazy charm; and since Mr. Milland has survived the advent of both talkies and color pictures, I should say he is definitely here to stay, for which cheers. Oscar Homolka, a fine actor whose one fault is that he acts too much, dominates the drama with his characterization of a renegade sea captain whose last adventure on a mysterious pearl island very nearly results in disaster for Ray Milland and Frances Farmer—which would have been too bad; and for Barry Fitzgerald—which was quite all right with me, for I was tired of Mr. Fitzgerald's disgusting display of over-acting. But for gorgeous scenery and romance don't miss "Ebb Tide."



SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT—Grand National

AND really something to cheer about, Cagney's new picture—in which Jimmy is his old self, and a couple of new ones, proving that for pungent characterization and inimitable personality the cocky little Irishman is still unique on the screen. Here's a comedy which gives Cagney his best and biggest chance since his historic battle for cinema independence, in a rôle combining the popular qualities of hard-guy and boy-who-makes-good-in-Hollywood. If you can imagine a cross-section of a Dick Powell musical and the roaring, rollicking kind of melodramatics Jimmy himself used to knock out, with slight overtones of "A Star is Born," you come somewhere close to an approximation of the entertainment values of "Something to Sing About." Jimmy plays an orchestra leader signed for films, who finds Hollywood no paradise. After some typical Cagney fisticuffs he turns his back on Hollywood, only to discover—you've guessed it, you smart-aleck—that Hollywood wants him. Bill Frawley and Gene Lockhart are good as press agents, and Mona Barrie is decorative as a screen siren. A new girl, Evelyn Daw, has a charming voice. And oh yes, our James sings and he dances. While he's no Powell or Astaire, *they* aren't Cagneys, either.

Picture-Mad Milland



Talk about a busman's holiday! Here's a handsome young actor who works *in* pictures, then spends his spare time taking 'em! Let Ray Milland tell you what's wrong with your pictures, how to make the most of your camera hobby

By
Ruth
Tildesley

ON exhibition in Munich, Germany, are three photographs, each one signed in an odd, round scrawl "Jac R. Milland." The first is a study of an old peasant woman in a black shawl sitting by the roadside in the Thuringian Forest. The second is a scene at Ardenza Beach in Italy. The third shows barges going under London Bridge.

"Jac R. Milland" is that excellent young actor known on the screen as Ray Milland, and if acting ever fails him he will turn from amateur picture-taking to professional camera artist.

He's been shooting candid pic-

Top, left, Ray aims at our reporter, Miss Tildesley, on the beach at Catalina. Then you'll see two sea shots, a picturesque peasant, a Swedish baby, a good interior, and—below—an informal snapshot of Frances Farmer on the set.

tures for eight or nine years, using everything from a small Brownie to his latest Contax.

"I don't know how to paint or how to draw," he said, as we shared the brief shade of an umbrella on the Catalina shore, "but before I had been working with a lens and a shutter and scenes that appealed to me in front of them for a long enough time to work out experiments, I discovered that photography is every bit as much of an art as painting. Some experts say it is more difficult and requires more artistic ability but in the end the results are more satisfactory.

"At least, it is a fascinating hobby—one that never grows old because there's so much to learn. With each shot, you discover your mistakes and after a while you learn to avoid them. Most amateurs over-estimate light conditions—that one thing causes more failure than anything else. Impatience is at the root of it, I suppose. We see something we simply must have and *snip-snap* we go! We don't wait a second to find out if there is enough light on the subject or whether or not there is too much shadow.

"Of course, shadows make your picture. Here are two shots I took on this location at Catalina"—Ray was working in "Ebb Tide," under director James Hogan—"This one I shot from the pier at the Isthmus—you notice the shadow of the palms and the deep color of the sea which emphasizes the clear white of the yacht and the small rocky island offshore. In the other shot, they are dropping sail on Golden State, our ship; see the odd shadow effects."

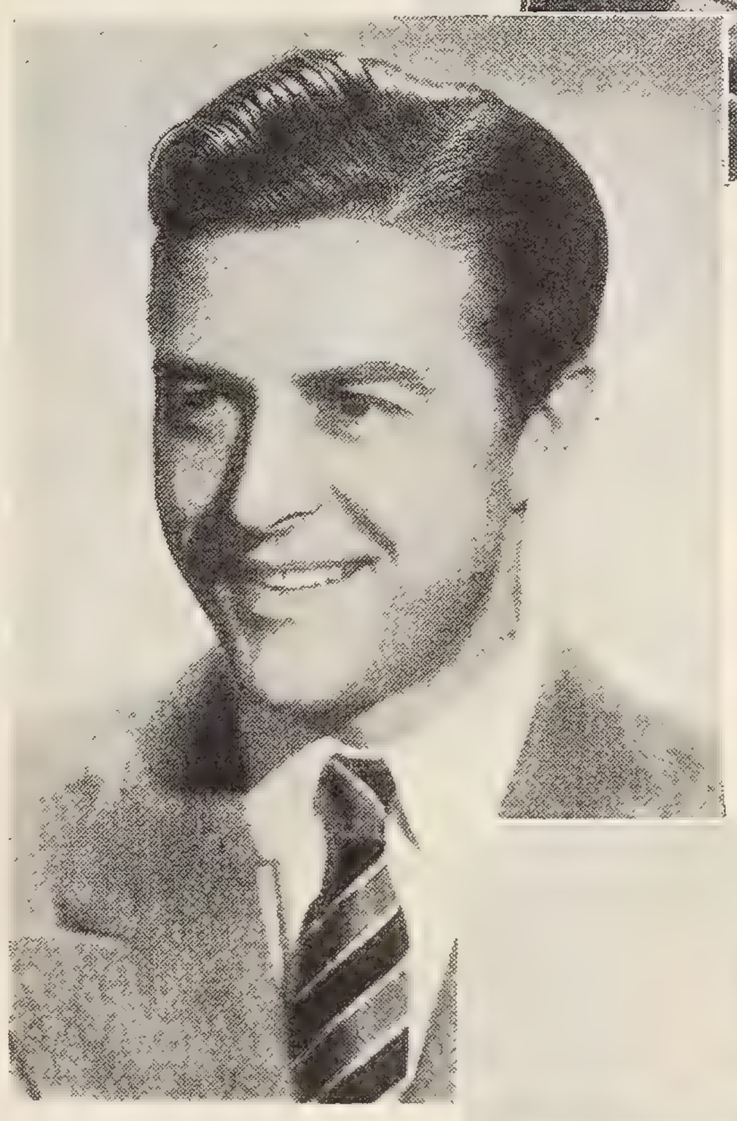
Ray prefers making shots of inanimate objects, rather than of people.

"Any pleasant scene means a picture to me," he observed, "It needn't be pretty-pretty. For instance, a row of lights high up on a studio stage can make a fine picture. That's my idea of an interesting shot; those lights, taken from a certain angle, can look as if they are marching along; and they don't all look alike in your picture, either, each takes on its own beauty.

"But when you try to photograph people they freeze up and become selfconscious. All their natural charm vanishes. You have to waste a lot of time cajoling them, talking to them, trying to make them forget that you are hanging around with a camera and that some time soon you'll be clicking the shutter and how will they look? It's not worth the effort! If you shoot scenery, or inanimate objects, the place or the things are there before you paying no attention to you; all you have to bother about is the angle you'll shoot from, the frame you want to make, or the light situation.

"Take those Munich exhibition (*Please turn to page 78*)









Left, the camera artist himself! Above, shadows while dropping sail on "Golden State," the ship used in "Ebb Tide." Below, Frances Farmer off-guard; a tropical shot; lights on parallels; and finally, at lower left, "Bell House," a noted club outside London, England, and lower right, mountain peaks and clouds.

Strange

By
Charles Lancaster



She has blossomed into a real actress, this lovely blonde who was once known only as a singer of torrid songs. Above, a love scene with Tyrone Power from "In Old Chicago," and at right below, a close-up of Alice in her first dramatic rôle from this Darryl Zanuck "epic." At right, the old Alice—fuzzy hair, sequins, and feathers—but the legs are still as lovely as ever!



PICKING violets is not Hollywood's favorite outdoor sport. Lack of it is probably due to the all but hopeless feeling that there aren't any. Yet, amazing to tell, in roaming over Westwood Hills to Twentieth Century-Fox, wholly unawares I incredibly picked one—

Alice Faye.

Now I do not mean to give the impression that this rare flower of the films stems affectedly from the shrinking variety. It is only that her modesty is gratefully refreshing in an atmosphere not unduly laden with this engaging quality. Her simplicity is as beautiful as her legs.

Happily, these twin possessions, which by comparison made Marlene Dietrich's seem like foreign liabilities as they propelled their youthful owner into a private dining room of the studio commissary, were at par in blue-gray slacks. Apparently she set greater store by them—the slacks, of course—than in her considerable professional properties. And certainly I was quite unprepared to hear her say:

"I feel very insignificant, and can't imagine people noticing me and doing things for me. I've always felt that way, that I don't matter around here."

She meant it, too—there could be no doubt about that. But it was equally true that she was completely alone in this feeling. Evidently she didn't know that the head of the studio, Darryl Zanuck, in watching the "rushes" one day had exclaimed of her: "My God! To think she was on this lot four years and nobody ever discovered her!" Not that it probably mattered at all had she known. For when I tried desperately to talk her out of herself she merely said:

"I came here as a singer and dancer, and that's all I am now. They tried to send me to school at the studio and have me learn how to act. The teacher had me walk across the room balancing a book on my head. That made me feel so foolish that I never went back. I can't learn anything that way. I have to 'get' things."

It was only natural to wonder how she got rhythm.

"It's just part of me. I don't know music, can't learn it, it just doesn't stick. I've got to catch things as they come along. I caught music young, like measles. As a kid I was crazy about hand-organs. I'd follow them in the street till I got a tune in my head. The first one I caught up with was 'The Sidewalks of New York.' It was the same way with dancing. Every tune I picked up would go to my feet. I can't claim credit for anything. Probably always lacked the nerve for it."

But something in that wholesome face of hers, a healthy courage strengthening its glowing charm, told me that she had another guess coming.

"Well," she reluctantly admitted, "in my kid days I did do one thing that took a lot of nerve. We lived in the Fifties just off Broadway. That was my street. I loved it. But what I loved most of all about it was the theater. So I'd sneak into a theater alley, walk up to the stage door, then turn right



Alice in Wonderland

around and come out proud as a peacock. I thought people who saw me would believe I was an actress playing in the company there. It was silly, but I got a big kick out of it."

All her life, I could readily imagine, the unpredictable Alice had been as full of surprises as she was of spaghetti in "You Can't Have Everything." One now was forthcoming as the waitress returned with the eupeptic star's order—crackers and milk!

"I don't dare eat much when I'm working," she explained. "The other day I had a pineapple salad, but I was so nervous that it tied my stomach into a knot. That's the way it's been ever since I came to Hollywood. I didn't want to come and didn't want to stay. The first year I was here I made six trips back East. I hated the place, couldn't stand it. I wouldn't have stayed if it hadn't been for my mother. After the George White picture the front office called me in and offered me a contract. I didn't want it. But when I got home and told my mother she said: 'You had better think it over. This chance may never come again, and then you'll be kicking yourself.' To please her I agreed to sign the contract. Then I went to bed and cried all night long. I figured I wouldn't last. That was all right with me because I was terribly lonely here.

I didn't know a soul outside the studio. My trunk wasn't unpacked, and I lived in one dress. But I'd go out every night—had to or go crazy. People would say, 'She's a nice girl, but why doesn't she ever stay at home?' I thought them very pleased with themselves—I still think some are. But most are swell. I can't knock Hollywood. It has been good to me. After a number it has patted me on the back. This has helped take my mind off trying to be an actress. When in doubt I can always sing a song. People say the other thing's easy. Maybe it is for them, but not for me. I just get along here the best I can. If I went to another studio I'd be petrified. Even here, on the first day of a picture, I'm sick, shaking. When we started 'In Old Chicago' I fainted. I suppose it's because I never seem at home in pictures. I've had the same feeling about Hollywood. To me it always seemed like a kind of wonderland, not a real place."

A strange Alice in Wonderland, she suddenly made herself clear. In this new light she unwittingly turned on herself she stood out as a real person, the genuine article, not the manufactured Hollywood product. Yet in spite of her nature, the difference between it and her surroundings, Alice Faye was forging ahead as no other young actress in Hollywood. How did she explain it?

"Everything here is a puzzle to me," she protested. "Maybe it's because I've never been much of a movie fan. But I do like some actors. William Powell is my favorite. Why? Oh, I suppose it's his ease, his naturalness. But Tyrone Power is my pal. He has done more for me than anyone else. It was his plugging for me that got me this part I'm now playing. And he didn't stop at that. He went right on and worked with me. When a test was arranged for eight o'clock at night Tyrone begged to be allowed to make it with me. He had a date that night, but broke it on my account. I'd never have been able to get through the thing without his help. But when I tried to thank him all he said was, 'Forget it, Alice, and just remember you did the same for me when I first came on this lot as a nobody.' He turned away and I burst out crying."

Her voice choked and her eyes filled. It was only after a gulp of milk and a nibble of cracker that she was able to go on:

"But I couldn't stop worrying myself sick over things. I was so full of troubles, so pent up with them, that on the first day of 'In Old Chicago,' as I've

(*Please turn to p. 68*)



Her simplicity is as beautiful as her smile and her legs! Read this story and you'll understand Alice Faye for the first time



SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Rosalind Russell



Whether you're an all-year-round city gal or a lucky follower of the sun down South or far West, you'll find valuable fashion pointers in Miss Russell's wardrobe. Top, her favorite dinner gown: of heavy white crepe, with military motif. The short, fitted jacket and the soft, blue chiffon ascot are braid-trimmed. Right, her pet sports suit, black wool skirt with a gay striped wool jacket. A red crepe blouse with her initials on the collar, red felt hat with grosgrain ribbon bands matching the coat, and black bag and shoes complete the costume. Far right, a navy wool suit with the ever-fresh and crisp pique blouse, which Miss Russell wears under her fur coat or as is if the California weather is not "unusual." The short bolero coat features four set-in pockets. A wide red leather belt adds color—"Roz" is partial to red, you'll notice. The large brimmed off-the-face hat has a red grosgrain ribbon trim. Navy shoes and bag, with white gloves, are finishing touches of chic.

Glamor School photographs of Rosalind Russell by Clarence Bull, M-G-M.

Rosalind herself designed the evening coat at left below: of gay colored striped silk and Arabian atmosphere. The suit below is of interest because of the beige shark-skin blouse with its glove stitching. Her suede hat is two shades of brown, with matching zipper gloves. At right, Miss Russell's grand, chubby silver fox coat, with new exaggerated shoulder, rolled collar and tuxedo front. At lower right, her evening cape of bottle-green taffeta, with matching green braid worked around the neck and shoulder. The cape, very full and flaring, is short at center front and falls into trailing fullness.









Cinema aristocrat gives us a cross-section of her personal wardrobe, which is a happy blend of the picturesque and the practical. Miss Russell is the "tailored type" but there's a dash of piquancy to her plainest costume



No tour of the cinema city is complete without a look-see at one Hollywood party at least. Well, here's where we crash a gay dancing and dining event, and find seated 'round the table such interesting people as Loretta Young, Tyrone Power, Claire Trevor, and J. Edward Bromberg, reading from right to left. By strange coincidence all four of these favorites appear together in "Second Honeymoon."

Here's Hollywood

A topical tour of film town. Star news in brief

By Weston East

"I'M IN love with Nelson!" exclaims Eleanor Powell these days. Right to the point, just like that. And so the skilfully aloof Mr. Eddy, who made Metro bar all interviewers who want romantic quotes, is on the well-known spot at last. The spectacle of the queen of tap, who was on the wallflower side when she came to Hollywood, campaigning to get her man in such a forthright, uninhibited fashion has the colony gasping. Nelson hasn't even asked her for a date yet—but how much longer can he hold out? What's a gentleman to do? She isn't kidding. Shades of Lupe!

SPEAKING of Lupe and her yesteryear's high for whoopee, the Velez is back in pictures but her niche as the fieriest wife in Hollywood has been definitely taken over by Mrs. Errol Flynn. No one's ever sure whether Lili can live with or without the fascinating Errol. But now David Niven, with whom he was sharing a bachelor house in Beverly Hills, has moved out and Lili's moved in. Errol's bought the place and the present theme song is something about together forever after. As the poet asked, how long does forever mean with them?

GARBO, highest-priced actress in the world, just can't learn to relax regally. She earned at least four times the president's annual wage for her current click. So what did she treat herself to? A trailer! Greta admits she's a bust at being a private-life princess.

FOR years George Raft has secretly been yearning for a real California house. An apartment, New York-like, was good enough for awhile, but he wanted to revel in the advantages of a whole building of his very own. He hoped, desperately, that Virginia Pine could share it with him. They have been in love for some time now, and he adores her little daughter. However, Mrs. Raft, from whom George separated before ever trying Hollywood, still—'tis said—wants the lion's portion of his star salary as recompense for a divorce. So at last George has built his dream place and has moved in—alone. Talk about your scenario triangles. Here's an actual one behind-the-scenes that tops them all. And the happy ending remains elusive.

EVERY week-end the Gene Raymonds, dressed to the teeth, are swept out of their Bel-Air estate in a magnificent limousine. They are off for a honeymoon retake at Coronado, Mission Inn, or an equally swank desert hotel. Other couples, like Frances Farmer and Lief Erikson or Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets, may set forth in Fords and stay at auto camps. But the Raymonds have worked for their money and they're going to enjoy all the trimmings. Let who will be deliberately commonplace; they'll have elegance!

JOEL McCREA and Frances Dee don't want to play opposite each other on the screen. They think it's bad taste. But they're breaking their rule temporarily. Meanwhile, John Beal's greatest desire is to have his wife, Helen Craig, as his cinematic heroine. So far there is no immediate prospect!

IF CARY GRANT doesn't get that long vacation he's been talking about for years his friends are going mad *en masse*. He was all set for a South American jaunt, closing his ears to all offers of extra bonuses for an extra picture on his schedule. Then he was held over for re-takes and missed his boat. He and Randy Scott thereupon "got away from it all" at Marion Davies' luxurious mountain ranch, where there's always a crowd of Hollywood folk.

CREDIT Crawford with the launching of Alan Curtis, her new leading man. A collar ad model brought West by RKO, Alan was ignored by the studio that first signed him. Even though Lela Rogers, Ginger's ma, boosted for him and cast him in two plays on the lot to illustrate his possibilities. After getting his walking papers, Alan reported to Metro on a deal there. Joan wanted Cary Grant. Cary insisted on a vacation. "If I can't have a name who's right for the part I want an unknown who'll fit it," declared the gardenia girl. Someone remembered Alan. He was tested. Joan beamed. Now it's up to you to back up her hunch!

BARBARA STANWYCK simply wanted to see where she was born. That was why she vacationed inconspicuously in Nova Scotia. She stopped for only two days in New York. If she can't go dancing with Bob Taylor she doesn't want to dance. Her trusty hairdresser was her sole companion.

GINGER ROGERS' shrewd mother is no longer on the payroll at RKO as dramatic coach to the young aspirants. Nobody knows quite why she departed. Much of Ginger's success can be credited to Mama Lela, who surprisingly never wanted to hog her good ideas. Many an ambitious nobody is sorry to see her leave the studio. However, Lela has been more than busy supervising her famous daughter's new hilltop farmhouse and she's sure to be active again. "She made me what I am today!" Ginger admits candidly. What's a better recommendation?

AFTER a couple of years at $5,000 per week Kay Francis has taken the plunge. She's built a home and furnished it precisely as she's dreamt of fixing her future headquarters. Until now she's merely rented an exceptionally modest bungalow. The story behind this story is this: when Kay arrived in Hollywood she had, actually, but a few dollars to her name. She had extravagantly spent her stage income, been the life of the party in New York. She swore that she'd save for her old age before buying anything in California that wasn't an absolute necessity. Scotch, they called her. Now it's a different tune. The adjective is *smart*. Probably she'll trade in her Ford, too.

EVERY time Ann Sothern wangles a Chicago vacation with husband Roger Pryor something adds flurry to their get-together. This last time she had six whole weeks and she refused to be talked into personal appearances as she had been before. She settled in a comfortable suite at the Edgewater, where Roger leads the orchestra. But soon she heard that she was here and there, doing this and that. She discovered that she had a double who was frequently being mistaken for herself. Annie didn't kick too hard when the other woman graciously gave out with autographs. But when faithful Annie was quietly resting and trying a good book, and Roger was informed that she was out stepping, that was too much. She couldn't solve the problem satisfactorily, for her double wasn't literally posing as a star.

FIVE months away from Hollywood for Joan Bennett, and for two reasons! She wants to get over her rift with Gene Markey and to refresh herself, professionally, with more stage experience. While it was Gene who was really hurt by their divorce, Joan isn't as hard-hearted as onlookers have said. She tried to make a go of the marriage. She was honest; when she was through she told him so. Replacing Margaret Sullavan in the road tour of "Stage Door" gives her new demands to think about. Incidentally, the Sullavan reputedly paid $25,000 to be released from this show. A hater of Hollywood, Maggie, since motherhood, is a convert to films. Baby hands bring her back to us! Touching, isn't it?



Now for a close-up of a Tartar vamp! On the "Marco Polo" set we discover Binnie Barnes thus devastatingly sirenish for her appearance as NAZAMA.

THEY induced Paul Muni to decorate the Hollywood premiere of "Zola," but when it came to truckin' at the Troc afterwards he balked. "I'm no attraction on a dance floor, or at a ringside table," he maintained in all earnestness. "Taking it big at the opening is all I'm up to on a night out. As a glamor boy I'm a fizzle!" Which isn't, in its entirety, strictly true. Doing Europe he's a swell date for Mrs. Muni. He whips up a disguise so he won't be stared at and made self-conscious, and then away they go to do Paree. He's apt to night club until dawn.

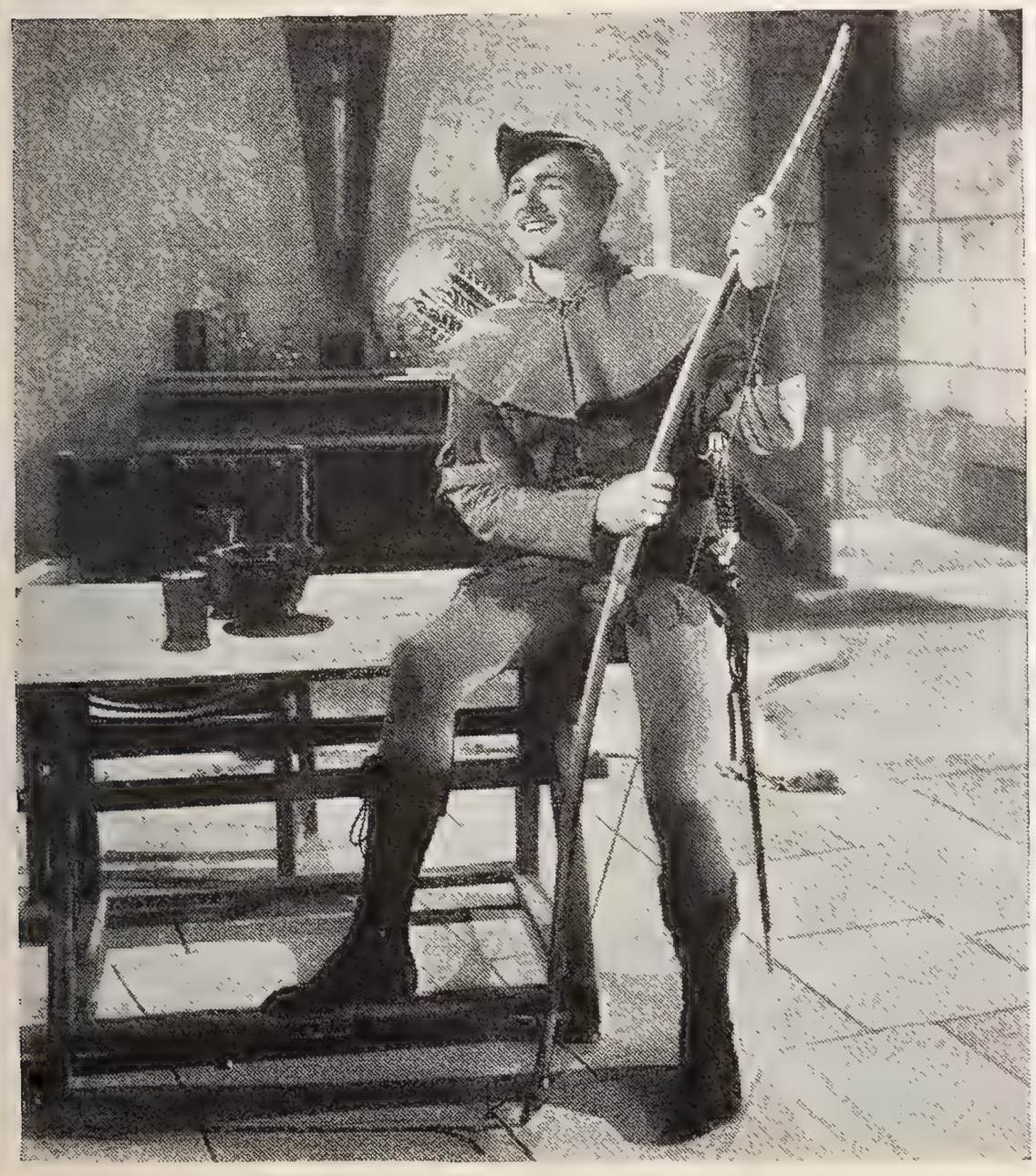
THERE are two reasons for Clara Bow's new "It" Café on Vine Street. First of all, one of the town's best hotels is paying her a tidy sum for the use of her name. Clara dines there three nights a week, as a drawing-card. Secondly, it's brought her to the attention of Hollywood again and that's what she's been scheming for. Slimmed to an exquisite figure, her hair a decent shade of auburn red, Clara looks better than in her most successful screen days. She has a happy home life, but she wants to try some meaty rôles. What about teaming her with Taylor, Mr. Mayer? That combination would heat any theatre in the coldest week coming up. Wisely, Clara refuses to appear in any old thing. She declined $125,000 for one picture at an independent studio.

SEVERAL ex-greats are in circulation again. Alice White hit the headlines when she maintained she needed $1,000 a month alimony; she estimated $250 a month for singing and dancing lessons. The judge slashed her request. Betty Compson, considerably more beloved personally by the local folks, has a long-term contract at Warners. Betty not only delivered consistently fine performances, but never put on when she had the chance. Consequently, everybody's ready to clap for Compson.

HERE is the secret of Dolores Del Rio's clothes supremacy—Irene, one of Hollywood's favorite coutouriers, is Dolores' sister-in-law. Even blood by relation is thicker than water, and in return Dolores scorns all other modistes.

Errol Flynn is back to robust adventure in his latest screen assignment. Here's Errol all ready and eager to bring ROBIN HOOD to life in the films.

Hollywood romance can also be appealingly down-to-earth, as Olivia de Havilland and George Brent demonstrate in "Gold Is Where You Find It."





Beauty for Evening

Hollywood backs and shoulders, as well as arms, come in for their share of beauty attention now that fashion favors low-cut decolletage

By Elin Neil



Marlene Dietrich's famous shoulders gleam with loveliness above her tight-bodiced evening gown as the camera snaps this picture while she's resting on the set.

THE daring decolletage of new evening gowns brings backs and shoulders out in the open! Will yours be as marble-smooth and flawless as Marlene Dietrich's which can stand even the strong lights on the "set" without showing faults to mar their beauty?

The styles are right for making the most of body beauty when the orders of the evening are "please dress." The corseted-bodice effect, inspired by the Gay Nineties, is ultra-revealing of arms, shoulders, back and chest. Narrow shoulder straps replace high neckline elaboration. Sleeves for evening are few and far between. When they do appear, they're the diminutive puff or arm-strap variety that merely accentuate alabaster smoothness and whiteness, concealing nothing.

The first essential for decolletage beauty is smooth, clear skin. See to it that every bath you take is a body beauty treatment. Don't have the water too hot. That causes temporary redness and "puckering," and the final effect is drying out your skin, especially if you let yourself soak lethargically in hot water.

Use a mild beauty soap for your bath, the same kind you'd use for your face. An excellent preventive of over-drying and consequent roughness is a good water softener. There are many products, most of them pleasantly perfumed, that counteract drying effects of water. They may be in the form of bath salts, oils, essences or soluble flakes.

Be sure to dry yourself thoroughly when you emerge from the tub or shower. Large, thick-piled Turkish towels are a good investment for body beauty. A liberal sprinkling or dusting with bath powder helps remove the last vestiges of moisture. And there are body rubs to be applied after bathing that soften and beautify ultra-dry skin. They're great favorites with women who prefer a shower to a tub, and can't take advantage of water softeners to keep their skin soft and smooth, in spite of steam heat and biting cold winds.

A luxurious beauty bath that makes your skin feel and look like a million dollars is produced by pouring a powdered starch preparation into the tub before you run the water. After you emerge from the tub, and have dried yourself thoroughly, enough of the powdery substance adheres to your skin to leave it velvety smooth and fashionably light-toned. And it won't rub off on a man's evening clothes if your "heavy date" is a dancing one.

From the tips of your fingers to the curve of your shoulders, your arms should do justice to your evening gown. The most vulnerable spots are elbows and knuckles, as they're apt to look dark and wrinkled if you don't give them beauty care.

You can keep your knuckles in harmony with the rest of your well-groomed hands by massaging them every time you apply a hand cream or lotion. Using the thumb of the opposite hand, work the lubricant into each knuckle with a firm rotary movement.

I'll tell you an easy way to let your elbows massage themselves to beauty. Smooth a liberal amount of lubricating cream over them. Then "tie them up." Use pieces of cheesecloth or old handkerchiefs, knotting them inside the elbows. Then all the time you're moving your arms, in housework or any other activities, your elbows will be getting a massage that works the softening cream into them.

Some girls have a "gooseflesh" roughness on their arms that keeps them from looking their best in evening clothes. This condition is caused by poor circulation. (Insufficient drying after a bath is a contributing factor, too.) A good scrubbing with a body brush, followed by complete drying and the application of a lubricating cream, will usually make arms that have been marred with "gooseflesh" smooth and clear, provided you give them this treatment daily for two or three weeks, then as often as they need it to keep them smooth.

Just because you yourself don't see much of your back,

and it's hard to reach, you mustn't treat it like a step-child. Powdering it when you wear evening clothes, or even coating it over with liquid powder, won't take the place of naturally clear, smooth skin.

Give your back a little extra care every time you bathe, and you can be proud to show it whenever the occasion arises. The two beauty faults most common to backs are excessive dryness and blemishes. Dryness can be corrected by a few extra sweeps with your towel after bathing, and by applications of the same lubricating cream you use on your face.

In most instances, blemishes on one's back are due to insufficient cleansing and poor circulation. The best remedy I know is scrubbing with a body brush and plenty of lather from a good soap. Make back-scrubbing a habit to keep your skin clear, and you'll do a lot to avoid the embarrassing discovery that your back is "blotchy" just before you get into your evening dress.

Of course, in some cases these skin blemishes are caused by internal conditions. I've known of many such cases where taking three cakes of yeast a day has improved back beauty marvelously in a very short time.

Now I've told you how to keep your back clear and smooth so it'll be a dependable beauty asset. But, whatever resolutions you make for the future, you may have blemishes or lines between the white-and-tan that you want to cover up right now. There are liquid powder preparations and make-up blenders that'll hide a multitude of sins and bring your decolletage into harmony with your face. Most of them come in several shades, flesh-toned, and some are adherent so they won't streak or rub off on your escort.

The last few years have brought such effective blemish concealers into being that there's no excuse for letting ugly spots on your back spoil your good time. By all means, cover them up! I firmly believe that every dressing table should be equipped with a blemish concealer as first aid for spots on one's face as well as one's back. And you can get the same kind of disguise in a convenient container to carry around in your purse so you're always prepared. Most of them look like lipsticks or cream rouge discs on the outside.



Flash! Walter Winchell and Simone Simon are that way—above—about each other, in the new musical, "Love and Hisses."



The gift of a lifetime—an authentic Lane Cedar Chest.

THERE'S not a woman living who wouldn't get a thrill to find a Lane Cedar Chest under the Christmas tree! Every size and shape (and there are many) is styled and finished like an exquisite piece of furniture and carries a guarantee of moth protection. Some of the styles are low and long, true "hope chests." Then there's a "window seat" model that does double duty. If you'd like to make a gift of permanency and one that's sure of a warm reception, jot down Lane Cedar Chest on your Christmas list. And we wouldn't blame you a bit if you dropped a hint to someone who wants to make a very special gift to you!

WE'RE shouting the praises of Run-R-Stop, a fluid that will keep a run in your stocking from going further without staining, discoloring, or stiffening the fabric. All you have to do is place a tiny drop at each end of the run and let them dry. The fluid is contained in an easily used little tube that comes in an attractive red and black bakelite case, especially designed to be carried in your purse. It costs a mere trifle, yet Camille's Run-R-Stop certainly does provide social security for your stockings!

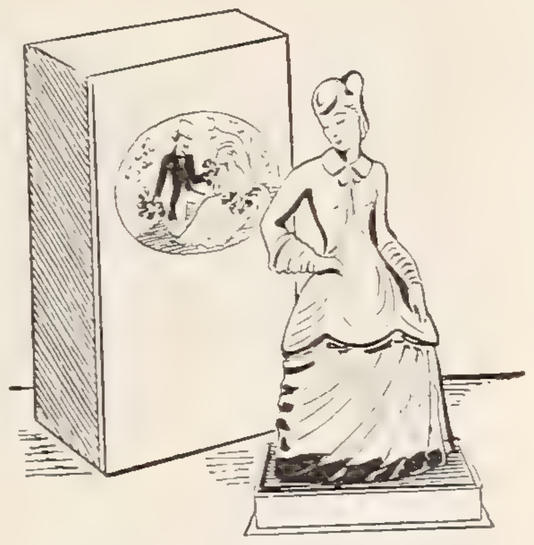
IF THE fragrant aroma of pine doesn't have the power to lift your spirits up out of the doldrums, you're simply not human! We've discovered a group of pine products that are so bracing and delightful to use, we can't wait to pass the word along to you. They are put out by the House of Pine and contain blends of oils and extracts of pine from the Austrian Tyrol, Black Forest and Siberia. A combination package that would make a grand Christmas gift to a friend (or your own

Femi-nifties

Gifts of Beauty for Christmas



Beauty for the bath is imprisoned in House of Pine products.



"Scarlett" sculptured in plastic holds a gift of fragrance rare.



Fashionable fingertips wear "Sierra" or "Suez" by Revlon.

self) contains Vienna Woods Pine Bath Salts and Vienna Woods Pine Spirit. The bath salts act as a tonic to the skin, soothe tired nerves and take the soreness out of muscles. The Pine Spirit is a fragrant, invigorating liquid that gives your skin a glow of healthy loveliness. It makes a grand body rub. And if you're mentally tired, an application on your forehead, wrists, and the back of your neck is amazingly restful.

ONE of the most unusual Christmas perfume bottles we've seen is Pinaud's "Scarlett," a lovely little figurine of the epic character in "Gone With the Wind." It's sculptured of plastic in dainty boudoir colors, and would be an ornament to any dressing table. It's filled with Pinaud's Skin Perfume in the most popular fragrances. This perfume, which is a light form, is designed to be applied direct to one's skin and may be used liberally without any danger of over-perfuming. As Pinaud's "Scarlett" isn't expensive, we suggest it as a bridge prize or bread-and-butter present as well as an addition to your Christmas list.

TWO grand new shades of nail polish that are leaping into popularity are "Sierra" and "Suez," introduced by Revlon. In keeping with fingertip fashions, they are both subdued shades. Suez is the deeper of the two. It's a dusky, brownish red with a suggestion of mauve—a true autumn leaf color that harmonizes with browns, greens, blues and deep reds. Sierra is a medium rose, softened with brown and mauve, that's good with any costume color. As you probably know, Revlon polishes are famous for long wear and easy application. They have been outstanding favorites of professional manicurists for years.

THE friend who receives your gift of a bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream (done up in a gorgeous Christmas wrapper) will bless you all Winter long! Personally, we look upon this delicately fragrant emulsion as a cold weather necessity. It has its own particular place on our cosmetic shelf as first aid against the beauty hazards wintry weather sets up. It's wonderfully softening and whitening to hands, whatever hardships they've endured.

Star-Dust Baby

Continued from page 25

managed to make the second yawn an open insult.

"Going stale, Bill?" she wanted to know. "There was a time when you were as full of ideas as a dog is of fleas!"

Bill sighed and answered: "Right y'are, but you've taken the ambition out of me! I'm not full of ideas any more. Look what you did to the last one!"

Katrine chuckled, "Do you mean that garden party for the English author?"

"Uh huh," answered Bill. "I mean that garden party. Was it ever a flop!"

"The guy bored me," Katrine said hotly. "He's a pain the neck with his broad a's. I felt all the time as if he were putting me in my place!"

"He probably was," Bill agreed, "but just the same you didn't have to slap him in the middle of the lawn—if you know what I mean!"

Katrine giggled. "You don't know the half of it," she said. "That wasn't the first slap—it was the third. I had already slapped him twice in the pantry—if you know what *I* mean!"

Bill was suddenly and coldly angry. "Did that so-and-so try to pull anything on you?" he asked. "Because if he did, Katie, I'll run him out of town!"

Katrine laughed. Her laughter was like silver bells chiming in a dark forest.

"Sure he tried to pull something on me," she said, "but he didn't get to first base. As for running him out of town, he left town two weeks ago today."

Bill mourned—"You might have given me the lowdown before he took it on the lam," and Katrine murmured, "That's why I didn't! I wanted to keep you out of jail, my sweet."

Bill said, still mournfully—"Well, I suppose it's neither here nor there by now. We'll probably never see the guy again. I suppose the only thing I should worry about is that the garden party was a flop. *I hate flops.*"

Katrine agreed blithely. "Everything you have worked out for me lately has been a flop," she told Bill. "I haven't had a good headline for months!"

Bill started to argue in his own defense. He spoke hotly.

"Look at it from my point of view," he almost shouted. "How about the flying stunt? The minute you got in the plane you started to up-swallow and—"

Katrine interrupted. "Can I help it if I've got a weak stomach?" she asked.

"After ten years in pictures you should be able to control yourself," Bill told her savagely. "Well, how about the time you went to the night school incognito, when you were playing that secretary part? I had the reporters down at the school all set to discover you, and everything went flooey."

Katrine was bitter. "You should have had better sense than to send them down on a night there was an oral examination!" she exclaimed. "You might have known I couldn't pass it!"

"I thought you knew something," Bill told her. "I had to pay plenty to keep *those* headlines out of the papers—'Famous Star Flunks Night School Intelligence Test!'"

Katrine said—"Oh, cut it out, for heaven's sake—you're getting tiresome," and Bill answered—

"I couldn't cut it out, even if I wanted to. The Big Guy's getting desperate. You've got to do something spectacular."

Something spectacular. Katrine digested the thought, slowly.

"Why don't you fix up a nice romance for me?" she queried, at last. "If you were worth a charge of buckshot I could have been in Wally Simpson's place!"

Bill nodded his head thoughtfully. "You probably could," he said, "but I don't go for love stuff in your publicity, and you know it. I won't build newspaper linage out of phony engagements and marriages."

"Why won't you, Bill?" asked Katrine sweetly. She poured herself another cocktail. "Why won't you go for having people try to make me?"

Bill grated, "You know darn well why I won't," and Katrine chuckled.

"Back in the dark ages," she told her publicity man, "you were stuck on me, weren't you, Bill? I seem to remember something about it."

Bill muttered—"Oh, for heaven's sake, lay off me. I'm still goofy about you, and I always will be! I was goofy about you when you were Katie Malloy back in New York City. I was goofy about you when you won that dance contest in Madison Square Garden." He laughed bitterly. "Gosh, when I saw you first, you were a snotty-nosed little baby in a dirty set of rompers, and I was kind of goofy about you then. Honest to goodness . . ." He broke off, for Katrine was out of her seat and halfway across the floor.

"Gosh, Bill, you're a prince!" she said. *"You've got it!"*

"I've got what?" asked Bill, and his tone was incredulous.

Katrine burbled—"You've given me a perfectly swell idea, for once. We'll get a whole flock of publicity out of it. Other folks have: Miriam Hopkins took one, and Gracie Allen, and Connie Bennett and the Jolsons."

Bill wanted to know—"What in time are you getting at, Katie?"

Katrine's face was rapt and dreamy as she answered.

"It all came over me when you said you'd known me since I was a *baby*. That's what my next gag will be, Bill. I'll adopt a baby."

Bill's face seemed to grow longer and thinner. After a moment he said flatly—

"That's out. Babies are made of flesh and blood and they've got souls. They can't be used for gags."

Katrine said, "Any time they can't!" She laughed. "Yes," she murmured, "I'll get me a cute baby. I'll have Adrian design her clothes—can you tie that?—and I'll get a specially built Rolls with a chauffeur, and maybe a pedigreed cow, and a French nurse for you to make love to."

Bill said, "You're not very funny, Toots. *Lay off that stuff.*"

Katrine said, "I'm not trying to be funny and I'm going to do it up brown . . . I'll have a nursery full of every kind of gadget that the stunt boys can think of, and I'll be photographed a thousand different ways—" she hesitated. "That'll be the hardest part of it. I hate holding kids—they're so damp!"

Bill's hand came crashing down upon the top of a fragile little table that had come from the Petite Trianon. It was his turn to break something—the table shivered to bits under his blow.

"This has gone far enough, Katie," he said. "I told you before that you weren't funny, and I meant it. What do you plan to do with this baby when you've taken the five thousand pictures, and it's teething and maybe has the colic?"

Katrine said—"Oh, I'll have the best vet in Hollywood come and see it, and then maybe I'll give it away like I did that Borzoi!"

Bill growled, "I don't know why I care for you, Katrine, you're such a bum. Babies aren't dogs to be given away, and you don't take them to vets, and if they die there's sometimes a police investigation. And besides, I like babies. I'm crazy about them. Always have been, always will be."

Katrine giggled. "Well, if you're crazy about babies, come and see mine sometime and keep it from being lonesome!"

There was a moment of silence—thick silence—in the room. Finally Bill spoke.

"You're not going to have a baby," he said, and his tone was flat and dismal. "You'd better get that dumb idea out of your head as quick as it came in. Your only excuse is that you're tight."

"I'm not tight," replied Katrine, "and I'll have a baby, or else—"

"Or else what?" Bill wanted to know, and Katrine told him—

"Or else you'll be looking for another job, my little man, and I don't mean maybe."

Bill said helplessly, "But it's such a phony idea, Katrine! It's been done to death, and no matter how you look at it you're not the maternal type."

Katrine laughed, but her laughter was harder than it had been a few minutes before.

"That's why it will be such good publicity. I know I'm not the maternal type." She struck an attitude with her hands clasped upon her breast and her eyes looking heavenly.

"Screen siren," she said, "feels an age-old urge—How's that, Bill? Can't you just see motherhood sweeping over me by leaps and bounds?"

Bill got up so suddenly that the chair in which he was sitting crashed over backwards. "You can go to the devil, Katrine!" he said. "And you know what you can do with my job! I don't want it any more!"

Katrine watched his progress toward the door with an almost benevolent expression on her face. She didn't speak until his hand was on the knob.

"You can start going to orphanages tomorrow, Bill," she called after him. "Or maybe you'd better advertise. Have it your own way . . . I'll invite the press in Saturday afternoon for cocktails, and I want to have that baby in its bassinet when they get here."

Bill turned sharply. He said, "God'll-mighty, Katrine. This is Tuesday."

"That's your hard luck," laughed Katrine. As the door slammed on his retreating back she shrieked—

"See you Saturday, Bill, and watch your step when you're choosing my baby. What I want is a blond."

The cocktail party was in full swing. Soft-stepping servants rushed hither and yon, and everybody talked and drank at once.



Rose Stradner, Viennese star, plays a romantic scene with James Stewart for her first Hollywood picture.

Now this New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

Helps Women's Skin More Directly

"It keeps skin faults away more surely"
—ELEANOR K. ROOSEVELT

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing more direct help to women's skin!

It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue, the vitamin which helps to keep skin healthy—the "skin-vitamin."

When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

For over three years Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams. In animal tests, skin became rough and dry when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." Treatment with Pond's new "skin-vitamin" cream made it smooth and healthy again—in only 3 weeks!

When women used the creams, three out of every four of them came back asking for more. In four weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

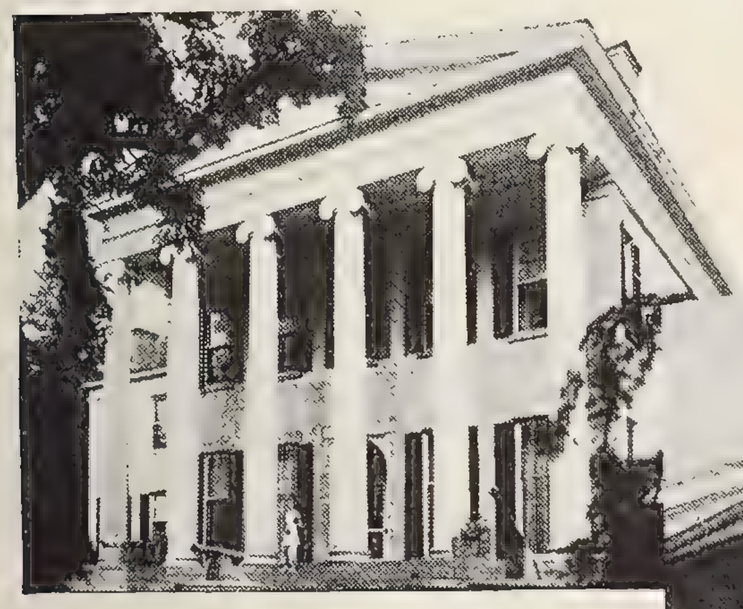
Now everyone can enjoy these benefits. The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it your usual way for daytime and nightly cleansing, for freshening-ups before powder.

Every jar of Pond's Cold Cream now contains this precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to rebuild skin tissue. Whenever you have a chance, leave a little of the cream on. In a few weeks, see how much better your skin is.



Eleanor K. Roosevelt

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., photographed in the great hall at Roosevelt Hall. She says: "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream keeps my skin so much smoother."



Eleanor K. Roosevelt on the steps of Roosevelt Hall, her ancestral home, at Skaneateles, N. Y.



(*Right*) Sailing with a friend on the lake beyond the sloping lawns of the estate.

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Pond's, Dept. 7S-CM, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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FAT GOES!



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READ HOW OTHERS LOST REDUCIBLE FAT: While individual results vary, here is what Mrs. L. R. O'Connell, of Springfield, Mass., writes: "I sent for SLENDRETS and **lost 4 lbs. the very first week.** Have lost 18 lbs. to date, now weigh 120 lbs. I feel and look so much better. It certainly is a pleasant way to reduce." From Thompsonville, Conn., Miss Anna Goodrow writes: "I reduced 17 lbs. in 4 weeks. No discomfort, and they left my flesh firm." Miss Lorene Little, of Atlanta, Texas, writes: "I wanted to reduce to my normal weight, and tried the SLENDRETS Food Method. I am delighted to report reducing 14 lbs. in 2 weeks! I feel just fine."

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Don't give fat another day's start—but be sure you get genuine SLENDRETS—The Energy Food Method. Sold at leading health-food, drug and department stores—ask your dealer to stock. If he is out, send $1 for the generous-supply package containing 84 SLENDRETS, or $5 for 6 packages, direct to us; currency, money order or stamps—or sent C.O.D. and your postman will collect when delivering.

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Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 36 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. **Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 523, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.**

GRAY HAIR!
The Best Remedy is Made at Home



YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

They talked right on through a tenor solo and almost a ton of Debussy. Katrine—outwardly smiling, but really foaming at the mouth—made small talk. When gushing female reporters and amorous male ones crowded around her, she answered them with a careless gaiety which she was far from feeling.

"You bet I have a big surprise for you," she said, "but the surprise isn't here yet!"

One of the men said anxiously—"You're not going to announce your engagement, are you?" and Katrine answered, "What I'm going to announce comes a long time after the engagement."

One of the girls twittered—"You're not married, are you, Miss Mollineaux?" and Katrine twittered back—"No. What I'm going to announce comes after the marriage, too."

One of the boys from the press department sidled over. He said—

"I don't know what sort of a gag you've got up your sleeve, Katrine, but you've pulled a record crowd. Where's Bill Naughton, anyway?"

Katrine told him—"Bill will be here any minute now, and when he comes he'll have an announcement to make!" She said in the deep fastnesses of her soul, "He'd better be here any minute, *or I'll kill him.*"

The party had started at four o'clock—which was early for a Hollywood cocktail party—Katrine had made it early on purpose. She had her lines all ready.

"Babies can't stay up late," she'd planned to say. "The poor little things must run on schedule just like the Century and the Chief."

She planned to have the baby exhibited briefly and taken out in a shower of champagne, the way you launch a boat—but at five o'clock Bill hadn't arrived and at six the crowd was growing very noisy and there was still no Bill, and Katrine suddenly found herself remembering that she hadn't heard a word from her publicity man since he had detached himself forcibly from her presence the previous Tuesday. Of course she had talked to his secretary the following morning, and had been informed that a child would be forthcoming on the proper day and hour.

Because she trusted Bill implicitly—they'd been working together for ten years, and she'd known him for twenty-two—she hadn't felt it necessary to go into details. She'd been sure—too sure, she told herself bitterly—that he'd arrive in the nick of time with a cherubic infant and a deft French nurse. Bill had never before let her down—he'd always had the ability to pull rabbits out of hats.

"Well," she thought, as an indigent French Count was kissing her fingers, "he's let me down this time, and I could murder him in cold blood." She thought—"I'll get good and drunk and tell everybody that I'm going to marry this litte squirt with a title. I've got to tell everybody *something!*"

But she was only four cocktails farther along and it was only half-past seven when the door opened and Bill entered the room. Even as she saw him through a haze of cigarette smoke and across a sea of laughter, Katrine knew that in some odd and inexplainable way he had changed during their short separation. Something was firmer about Bill's jaw-line and there was a curious hardness—that wasn't really hard—in his eyes. He looked at her silently across the teeming room and when her lips framed a questioning "Okay?" he nodded his head and jerked a thumb back over his shoulder in the direction of the patio.

Katrine hadn't time, just then, to wonder how Bill had managed things and why he was so late. She didn't even wonder whether the baby was a boy or girl, a blond or a brunette. She only knew with a sudden deep sense of gratitude and affec-



Dick Powell and Frances Langford in "Hollywood Hotel," new screen musical.

tion that Bill Naughton had come through again and that there *was* a baby. With a dramatic movement she raised her hand for silence.

"Hey, people," she called, "pipe down! *I've got something to say.*"

From all over the room there came murmurs of, "What's Katrine up to now? . . . Do you suppose she's going to pull the big surprise?" The laughter dwindled to a whisper. Someone called "Silence!" and someone else called, "Hear! Hear!" The little Frenchman, clinging closer than a leech to Katrine's side, said—"Why don't you stand on the piano, cherie—then everyone can see and hear you?" and Katrine said, "That's a swell hunch, Mike—" (the man's name was Bertrand).

With her eyes fastened on Bill, she hopped nimbly up to the piano bench and—stepping across the keys with a swirl of Madonna blue satin and a far above the average display of hosiery—she gained the piano top.

"Say, people," she called, "I've been promising you something new . . ."

A cat, in the background, said *sotto voce*—"But you've done *everything!*" and Katrine made a long nose in her direction and countered, "Guess again. I've just become a mother."

There was a moment of startled silence. Then someone standing close by said—

"You can't kid us like that, Katrine. You only finished your new picture yesterday," and someone else yelled, "Who is the father?" But Katrine held up a slim, beautifully manicured hand for silence.

"Don't be a bunch of dimwits," she told her guests. "I adopted the baby, I didn't born it." She glanced toward the doorway and said—

"Trot in the youngster, Bill," and Bill answered—very slowly and distinctly—"I will." He turned toward the door and threw it open and spoke again."

"Come in here, Peter," he said.

There was a rustle across the room like wind ruffling a field of wheat. Katrine, straining her eyes for the smart French nurse with a little helpless baby in her arms, gave a gasp and felt cold fingers clutching her heart.

For in the doorway stood a little boy who might have been seven or eight, or at the outside an under-sized nine. He wore faded blue overalls and a shock of red hair, and his wide, scared eyes reached out across the room until they found Katrine's face and settled there. One of the eyes, Katrine saw with a sense of horror, was turning faintly black and blue!

(*To be continued*)

London

Continued from page 51

living in a quaint timbered little house just across the fields from the studio. He's out in the garden by seven every morning, getting walking exercise before he has his breakfast which is always the same. Two broiled sausages, two poached eggs, an apple, some toast and tea. He'd never drunk tea until he boarded the "Berengaria" but likes our national beverage so much now he has it every morning and afternoon just like we do ourselves.

We had a regular four o'clock tea-party with him one day in the blue and white studio lounge. Bob passed the cups round and offered his favorite light Virginian cigarettes and told us all about his new car, a black Rolls-Bentley that thrills him tremendously. (He's got a special booklet describing its mechanics and can generally be found with his handsome head under the bonnet admiring the cylinders when he has a few minutes to spare between shots.)

All the stars came along from the other sets to chat with Bob—Jack Hulbert and Patricia Ellis and Ruth Chatterton and David Niven—and Merle Oberon, wearing a billowing white crinoline frock from a scene in "The Divorce of Lady X." Robert Donat was to have been her romantic partner in this new film of London's aristocracy but he has been stricken with asthma once again and is having clinical treatment in Switzerland while dark-eyed Laurence Olivier plays with lovely Merle instead.

Director Monty Banks looked in to greet Bob too. He's busy preparing Gracie Fields' first picture for Twentieth Century-Fox, called "Her Man" with Gracie as a barroom singer with a likeable spendthrift husband to be played by Victor McLaglen. Monty came across the Atlantic in the "Queen Mary" and was squiring pretty blonde dimpled Sonja Henie when I met them at Southampton—Tyrone Power notwithstanding and anyway he was in Hollywood!

Sonja was all in green and white, with her seven lucky mascots fastened firmly on to a huge gold bar brooch which she had pinned across her coat so that her good fortune couldn't possibly get lost. She swears she will wear her charms in her next Hollywood picture "Bread, Butter, and Rhythm" for which she's got to master some tap dancing figures far more ambitious than any we've seen her do yet on the screen.

Karen Morley was paying a vacation visit to England too this fall, escorted by her husband Charles Vidor, and we've also entertained Francine Larrimore and brown-eyed Sally Eilers who hobbled painfully into London having injured her leg dancing in a Continental café. Raymond Massey is home as well, delighted with the baby daughter born to his beautiful blonde wife while he was film-making in California. Ray wanted a girl this time, the two other children both being sons, and he's given her a diamond bracelet ready for her when she grows up.

Madeleine Carroll spent a few days in town before going off for a sailing tour in the Baltic with husband Captain Philip Astley. Page patrician Madeleine in her white flannel nautical slacks and sea-blue sweater with a gaily-patterned peasant scarf tied over those blonde waves!

Jessie Matthews is in the hat competition too, entering the peaked canvas cap she wears in "Sailing Along," for which Roland Young has hurried from California to provide some comedy interest. When Roland isn't at Pinewood Studio, he's prowling round the meaner London streets in his characteristic quiet way, peeking into little shabby junk-shops in search of penguin models for that celebrated collection. His latest addition is a penguin carved from a human tooth if you please!

Roland was persuaded to visit an exclusive West End restaurant the other night and confessed it was the first time for years he'd been out later than ten o'clock.

Leslie Howard is back in London and has gone into the Great Silence that always enshrouds him for the first few weeks after his arrival. He stays at a suburban boarding-house with his family, reads and plays chess and goes to the theatres and refuses to meet any film folk or newspaper reporters until he considers himself sufficiently rested. Then he moves to a great West End hotel, announces the fact publicly, and becomes a famous film star once again.

Oscar Homolka returned to us after finishing "Ebb Tide" in Hollywood and promptly got signed up for a British film though he's due back in California to play the old sergeant in "Beau Geste" in before long. I met him sharing a huge dish of pickled beef and sauerkraut with his friend and fellow-German, tall Conrad Veidt. Con and exotic Vivien Leigh have proved such a box-office draw teamed together in their spy film "Dark Journey" that now they are to make two more on similar lines, becoming a kind of "Thin Man" family in the Continental espionage business.

Charles Laughton has decided on "St. Martins Lane" as the title of the first picture made by the new producing company he has started with Director Erich Pommer. It's the name of a celebrated London street near Trafalgar Square where the theatres are situated with all the stageland environment around them, the cheap little restaurants and drug-stores and rooming-houses and pubs. This Bohemian district is the home of the working-man whom Charles plays, a comical yet pathetic figure of a typical small-town man in a big city.

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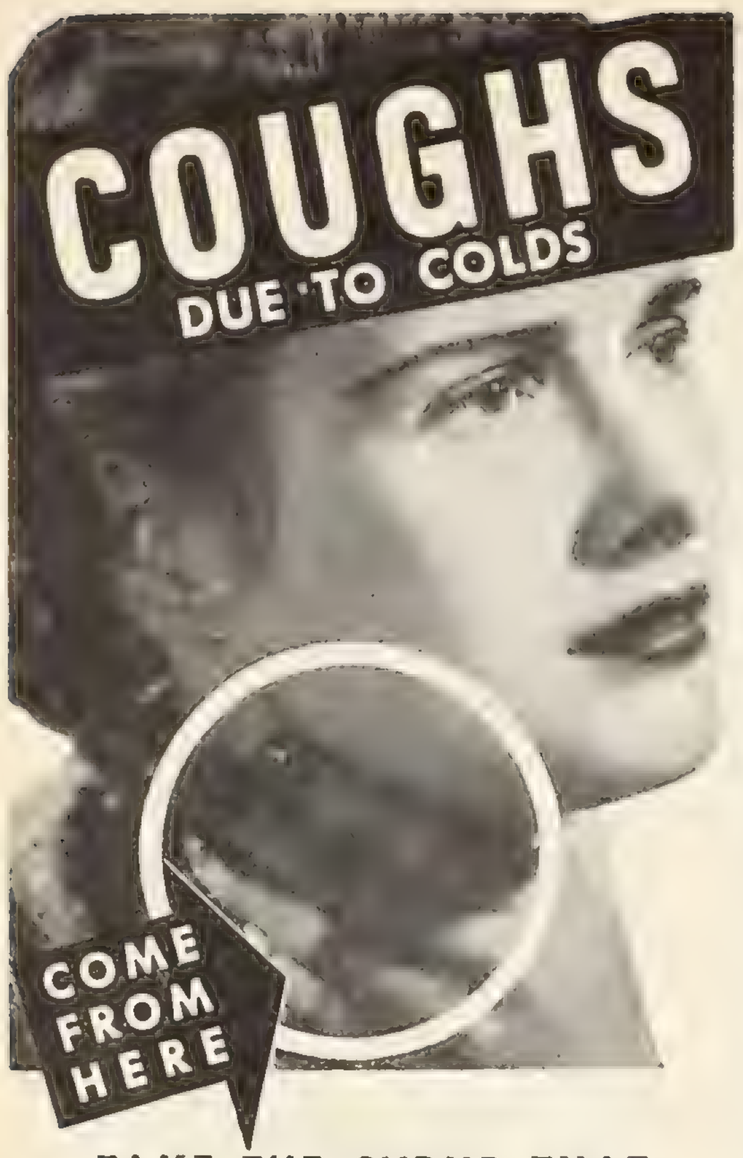
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Name .....

Address

Strange Alice in Wonderland

Continued from page 57

said, I went down and out. That was a fine start! When I came to I was so ashamed of myself that I wished I were dead. But Tyrone was right there at my side again, saying: 'It was all my fault. I made that scene so tough for you that nobody could have got through it. Don't think anything more about it, Alice, because you're going to be tops.' All I knew was that I'd hit bottom. They sent me home and I tried to sleep it off. Things were easier after that, but somehow I had a hunch that something more was going to happen to me. Sure enough! After the big stage number I was coming down into the audience when my heel caught in the hem of my dress. As I started falling I thought, 'I knew all along I was going to be a flop, and here it is!'"

A cracker snapped with such startling "timing" that it sounded like the breaking of a backbone.

"I'll be lucky to get through this picture alive. So will Tyrone, I'm afraid. What I did to him! After pulling all kinds of boners I forgot to pull my punch. In one scene I was supposed to hit Tyrone in the jaw. I tried to be careful and hold back the blow. But Tyrone said, 'That's all right, Alice, don't be afraid, let me have it!' Well, you should have seen his cut lip when I connected with it! I was awfully sorry and terribly worried. Then in another scene I nearly brained him. I had to throw a big vase at Tyrone. The prop man had a 'breakaway'—you know, one of those phonies that fall to pieces at the slightest touch—but Henry King, the director, said we didn't need it. Tyrone would duck, and we could use a real vase. So I threw it with all my might. It hit Tyrone right in the forehead. I nearly died. But fortunately he didn't. At the last minute, without my knowing it, the prop man had handed me the 'breakaway' instead of the real vase. That was the only thing that saved Tyrone's life. But I was so broken up for days that he and Don Ameche began ribbing me to get my mind off the narrowly averted accident. They finally succeeded in the wedding scene, with Don, as the mayor of Chicago, performing the ceremony. 'Let's do another one,' said Mr. King, who was 'in' on the scheme. That time Don used our real names, then made me believe I was really married to Tyrone. Of course," she smiled, "I wouldn't have minded on my own account, guess no girl would, but I didn't want to get Tyrone in a jam. I waited for a chance to get even with Don. It came one day when he was showing a plaque awarded him by a magazine for being the most popular dramatic star in radio for the last four years. 'You work your head off for four years,' I cracked, 'then all you've got to show for it is just a tin pan.' Of course it was all in fun."

For the first time during our talk Alice Faye laughed. Then, seriously:

"When we were doing the wedding scene I had no idea I'd soon actually be married to Tony Martin. We had talked about it, but somehow we never seemed to have any spare time for it. We probably wouldn't have found time if it hadn't been for Labor Day. That gave us a break. Even so, we couldn't have managed it without flying to Yuma. We left at fifteen minutes to twelve in the morning and were back at four in the afternoon. I was all dolled up in a new fall suit with a bunch of orchids pinned on it. That was all right in Hollywood, but not in Yuma. Hot! When we got there it was a hundred and twenty-eight in the sun. And we had to wait our turn, for we were the fifty-first couple to have the knot tied there on that sizzling day. Matrimonially, Yuma was doing a land-office business. That was because of the holiday. Like all the others, we were taking advantage of it. But when we finished the round-trip I was almost as wilted as my orchids. Anyway, I'd had my latest and greatest Hollywood experience. It made me happy. But I'm not saying, and neither is Tony, that we know we'll be happy for the rest of our lives. We don't know anything about it. We are two moderns, and we're not making any predictions, just hoping that our present happiness will last. That, we think, is all that anyone can do. Meanwhile we want to be a help to each other. This can be, and is, true of Hollywood actors generally, in spite of what you may hear to the contrary.

"So much has been said and written about Hollywood actors stealing scenes from one another that sometimes I think people get the wrong impression of them, think them mean and selfish. Nothing could be further from the truth—at least so far as my experience goes. I've known nothing here but the greatest generosity. And I've needed it, for without the help that has been given me by everybody—why I don't know—I wouldn't have been able to do anything at all. I knew nothing about pictures and had nothing to give them but a song or a dance. All I'd done was work in a Broadway chorus and sing in night clubs with Rudy Vallee's orchestra. I had no more idea of acting than a girl in a candy shop. But all the actors and actresses I've been thrown with here have gone out of their way to tell me what to do and show me how to do it. But I've been very dumb. For instance, I didn't even know who Spencer Tracy was when I played with him in 'Now I'll Tell.' I didn't know what it meant to be in the same picture with him. But now I'd give anything in the world to play with Spencer Tracy. For that matter I'm thankful to be allowed to play in a picture with anyone."

Surely, Hollywood was never like this before. Conceit had nothing in common with Alice Faye, vanity was no part of her when first she arrived a Strange Alice, indeed, in this land of the exaggerated ego. And contact with it through experiences calculated to build up a strong case of self-sufficiency, not to say, self importance, has failed to change her in this most refreshing respect. Naturally changes have taken place, if not in the girl, at least in the relation of the Wonderland to the girl. Thus:

"Hollywood has changed for me," she admitted. "I've been all wrong about it. It isn't at all the dreadful place I built it up to be in my imagination. At last I'm beginning to feel at home here. Now you couldn't drag me away from this place. But at first I didn't like the platinum hair they slapped on me and the slinky dresses they put me into. I wasn't Alice Faye. But they've changed all that and made me look more, and feel more, like a human being. I'm only hoping I'll be able to make some return for it all. But I'll not know till this picture is finished. What I do know is that in giving me the part of *Belle Fawcett* in 'In Old Chicago' they have given me the chance of my life. Everything else is up to me. I've had every opportunity to prepare myself for what I'm now trying to do, one part after another in a variety of pictures with highly talented actors. It simply remains to be seen if I've learned anything from them. Now that the studio has steadily built me up I keep asking myself if I'm going to let it down. This is my one concern. I myself don't matter. But if I don't live up to the opportunity that has been given me I will never get over it. That will finish me. It will break my hear

She won't!

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 14

himself at play continued to be: "I'll do it, but you can't say I like it!"

"After our broadcasts, we usually come straight home to dinner," said Gracie, "and it usually isn't dinner really, but supper—hot supper—with some of the gang dropping in. The Jack Bennys, the Jack Haleys, the Rufus LeMaires, the Georgie Jessels—and Tony Martin, of course. We keep him singing most of the evening, poor kid.

"One dish the whole gang is crazy about is cracked crab. You get hard shell crabs and you crack 'em—will you listen to the housekeeper talking!—and everyone grabs a leg or half a body and dips it in mayonnaise.

"Tell her about some of Minnie's specialties," suggested George, who had been wandering in and out for some time. "Minnie's our cook," he added.

"I can't cook myself," smiled Gracie, "but Minnie will give you the recipes. There's spaghetti and meat balls—the Haleys like those a lot. And there's Chicken Paprika—one of the Benny favorites."

CHICKEN PAPRIKA (HUNGARIAN STYLE)

Quarter a heavy fryer and brown very well in ½ Crisco and ½ butter. Brown 2 onions in butter and add 3 teaspoons sweet paprika. Add just enough water to make a sauce and pour over the chicken. Place in oven and roast until done. Just before serving add 1 teaspoon flour and 1 bottle of sour cream to make the gravy sauce.

"Sandra and Ronnie always listen in to our broadcasts," observed Gracie, watching the youngsters scamper across the grass toward the pool. "Ever since they were old enough to understand, we've told them to give us a report on what we do. Ronnie always says: 'Aw-right!' and gets it off his chest at once, but Sandra takes it seriously. She points out that my song was too fast, or too slow, or she liked it better last week, or she does an imitation of me."

"The result is original," remarked George, pretending not to be at all proud of the fair-haired mite, "but we're talking about food, Googie."

Gracie considered.

"We like chicken tamales and enchiladas," she decided.

CHICKEN TAMALES

Boil a medium sized chicken in plenty of boiling water to cover until tender. Drain off the stock, cut the chicken in small pieces, remove all bones and set aside until wanted. Bring the chicken stock to a boil, there should be five cups and stir into it slowly two cups of yellow cornmeal, and stir and cook for one hour; cool, work to a soft dough with one cup of Crisco, add a seasoning of salt and knead five minutes. Place three large red chili peppers in the oven and roast five minutes, remove the stems and seeds, cover with warm water, add one chopped clove of garlic and simmer until the peppers are soft; run through a sieve, add a little of the water they were cooked in to make a puree. Melt a tablespoon of flour; stir and cook one minute, add the chili puree, the chicken, one cup of seeded raisins, one cup of stoned olives, and a seasoning of salt and pepper, bring to a boil, remove from the stove and cool. Cover dry corn husks with cold water and let stand over night; shake dry, spread on a thin layer of the cornmeal dough over half of each loaf, roll up, cover with four layers of the prepared leaves and tie the ends with strings made from the leaves. [illegible]hed place them in a pot, add a [illegible] water and steam one hour.

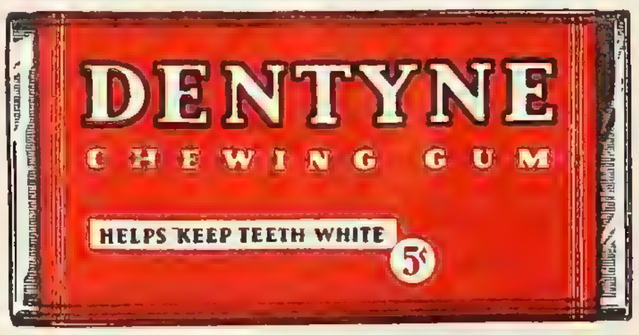
Envy the savage? Yes!

This ancient savage had to work hard to get a fire — and his cookery wasn't expert. But his rough, primitive fare exercised his teeth — kept them strong and healthy. We moderns eat soft, civilized foods — our teeth get too little healthful exercise.



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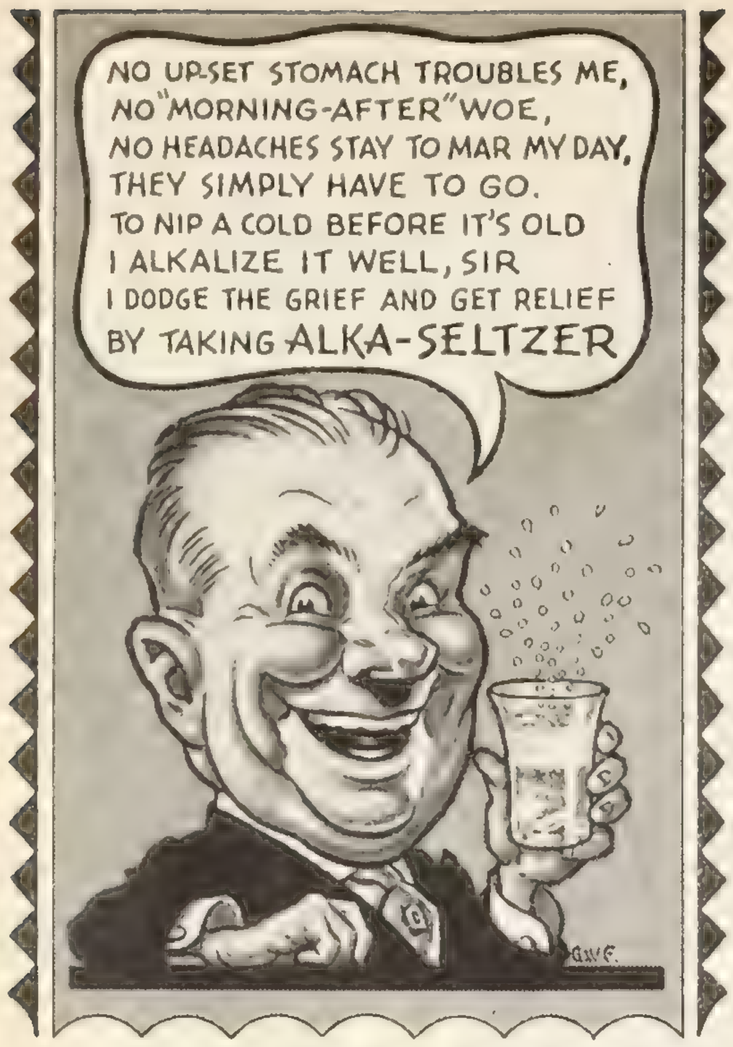


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Deanna Durbin's Unknown Story

Continued from page 34

sent for. She sang five times in all, each time for an augmented audience, each time unflurried and outwardly serene. Not because she was sure of herself, but because it was second nature to Edna not to give herself away to strangers.

The final authority to be summoned was Sam Katz. Having sung for him, Edna was sent down to join her mother in the car. Mr. Katz drummed on the table for a moment, scribbled some figures on a slip of paper, and handed it to Sherrill.

Sherrill raced out to the car, taking no pains this time to conceal his elation. Breathless, he stuck his head through the window. "You're practically under contract," he told them. Safe from alien faces, Edna lost her composure for the first time. Tears filled her eyes as she groped for her mother's hand. "Isn't it wonderful, mother?" A shaky laugh broke through. "Goodness, what am I crying about—?"

That night she and Deedee slept together —if talking for hours, telling each other they must stop, and breaking out again, can be called sleeping. With Deedee she could let herself go, and she did. "Now we really must close our eyes and not say another word," Deedee would order. Then a small voice: "Deedee, please pinch me. If you'll just pinch me once more, I'll know it's true, and I'll be able to sleep." And a few minutes later: "Edna's all right, but I *can* think of more attractive names. I've always liked Diana. How do you think it sounds? Diana Durbin. Then I'd be D.D. like you."

For six months she was under contract to Metro. But the question of changing her name didn't come up. Schumann-Heink fell ill, and died. The picture was shelved. Edna made a short with Judy Garland, and nobody seemed to care very much.

Edith came home from school one day to find that her sister had been crying. Which in itself was unusual enough to be cause for alarm.

"Nothing's wrong, Deedee. I'm perfectly all right."

"Then what have you been crying about?"

"Oh—did you think I'd been crying?"

"I still think so. Come on, what's the matter?"

"Nothing. They just didn't take up the option." But the attempt at airiness was a fizzle. Her chin quivered and, seeing that the game was up, she buried her head in her sister's lap and let the storm break.

"It was the worst day I ever lived through," Edith says. "We all cried—except my dad, and I expect he may have felt like it. It wasn't the old picture or the old contract we cared about, it was seeing Edna in that awful state. She'd always been such a controlled child, and here she was letting herself go till we thought she'd be sick. We kept saying: 'What difference does it make? Option or no option, they can't take your voice away.' And she'd sort of hiccup through the sobs: Everyone'll think I haven't got a voice.'"

But with the morning, the worst was over. Whatever she felt, she'd regained control of herself. Besides, Mr. Sherrill had been there. Mr. Sherrill wasn't downhearted. He laughed at her tears. You'll be laughing yourself before long," he assured her. It's not as if you'd had your chance and failed. When you get it, you won't fail." She couldn't help feeling a little better.

Rufus Lemaire had been casting director at Metro when Edna May was signed. Meantime he'd gone to Universal as executive assistant to Charles Rogers, the president. The moment he heard that the Durbin option hadn't been picked up, he phoned to Sherrill. "Bring her over here." It was then that her name was changed. She suggested Diana. Someone else hit on the more unusual variant of Deanna, and Deanna it became.

No one, except possibly Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster, producer and director of "Three Smart Girls," realized what they had in the picture and the new little player. On the night of the Hollywood premiere, Deanna was in New York with her mother for a personal appearance. Edith went to the theatre with her husband and father. Deanna told her later that she hadn't slept very well that night. Lying in bed, she counted off the difference in time between New York and Hollywood, and followed her family through the evening. "Now they're going in—now they're listening to the song in the boat—now I'm biting my nails, they'll laugh at that—" (for Deanna does bite her nails)—"Now I'm singing *Il Bacio*—" and so on, till she knew the picture was ended. "I wonder if they liked it," she thought, open-eyed in the darkness.

That was characteristic. It was her family's approval she longed for. Not that she didn't want general approval too. But it's hard for her to grasp the fact that she's a public figure. She seeks shelter with those she loves. Instinctively she knows that they'll be honest with her. If they think she's good, then she can hope that others will think so too.

To Deanna, the motion picture business consists of Koster and Pasternak. Since she sees more of the director, she is closer to him. In her bedroom at home, a rabbit he gave her holds the place of honor. The family calls him Peter. "It's the only sensible name for a rabbit," they tease her. "But his name is Henry, after Mr. Koster," she insists, and compromises on Henry Peter.

The idea is firmly fixed in her mind that he can do no wrong. If someone were to hint that a better director existed, good manners would prevent her from scratching his eyes out. But the impulse would undoubtedly be there.

A question people are quick to ask about anyone in Deanna's spot is: "Has she changed?" Pasternak, unsentimental Austrian, answers it this way. "I will never forget the first impression I had of this child. She walked into my office. She said nothing. But her eyes looked at me as if to ask: 'What do they want of me?' All her sincerity was in those eyes. Now, everything may change, yet if the eyes remain the same, the person has *not* changed. I see the same look in Deanna's eyes today. She doesn't realize that twenty million people adore her. And this I credit to her simple upbringing. Her mother is the same. Two pictures we have made now, and never have I heard Mrs. Durbin lift her voice so much as to moo."

When Pasternak outlined to Deanna the story of "Three Smart Girls," he stopped before reaching the end. "What do you think should happen now?" he asked her.

She raised imploring eyes to his. "Oh, *please* let the mother have the father back."

It was the normal reaction of a child untouched by sophistication, and though she's going on fifteen, Deanna is in essence still a child. She likes, for example, to while away the minutes between takes by playing that game whose name I've forgotten, but which consists in holding out your hands and trying to snatch them away again before your partner can slap them.

Expensive gifts mean nothing to her. She doesn't yearn for a car or a bracelet

or a fur coat. She wants what a child wants. Three small glass horses decorated a table for a scene in "100 Men and a Girl." They may have cost a quarter a piece. Koster noticed that her eyes lingered on them, as the eyes of an older girl might have lingered on a diamond trinket in a jeweler's window. He knew that she wouldn't ask for them. Because she's learned that her merest hint will be gratified, her delicacy shrinks from expressing any. When the scene had been shot, he picked up the horses and brought them to her. "Would you like to have them, darling?" The undemonstrative Deanna flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

In no way does she take advantage of her privileged position. You will find her chasing the hinkydinky man, as they call him, all over the lot for a coke. There are twenty people ready to run errands for her. She'd rather run her own when she gets the chance.

She was eating lunch with Pasternak one noon, when Joe, the studio bootblack, came in, and asked for a word apart with the director.

"I have something to tell you," said Pasternak, on returning to the table. "A little girl of twelve is outside at the gate. She has come every day for the past four days to get your autograph. She lives in Milwaukee, but she says she won't go home without it. Her mother doesn't know what to do, so she asked Joe."

Deanna said nothing. Pasternak added no plea to his little story. He knows that Deanna is shy about autographs, shy about meeting fans. He asked her to excuse him, while he talked to someone at a nearby table. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched her slip from her chair and walk off with Joe.



George Raft and Virginia Pine, a familiar twosome, at a preview.

There's one fly in the ointment. She can't go swimming and roller skating, she can't sit perched at a counter with an ice-cream soda, chattering as she used to do with friends of her own age. First, there's no time, and second, she's lost her anonymity. She went to a skating rink not long ago, but the autograph hounds closed round her and she couldn't stir. She feels, however, that she's gained more than she's lost. The movies are wonderland, and she wants to go on living there all her life. She still wants to sing in opera too, but she's not impatient. Her voice is in the hands of André de Segurola.

There's a scene in "100 Men and a Girl" where you see her standing, a small, dark-coated figure, high in the box of a concert auditorium. I watched her making it. She had just been begging the great conductor, Stokowski, to find work for her unemployed father and his friends. He had told her to run along, little girl, and turned back to his orchestra.

Suddenly, from above, a pure young voice soars out to the strains of the Mozart hymn: "Al-le-*lu*-u-ja-ah, *al*-le-lu-jah—"

Koster stands behind the camera. Eyes on Deanna, his head bobs too, his lips part, his arms swing, his fingers lift the corners of his mouth to indicate that he wants a "bigger smile"—his body, despte its movement, is tense—for the moment, he's Deanna, Stokowski, the orchestra, all rolled into one.

Then: "Cut. It was a lily, Schnups. Now we do it again."

A "lily," in Koster's language, means "it was good." Schnups is the latest in his long series of pet names for her. "Now we do it again" means that, though it was good, it can always be better.

If she's hot or tired or hungry, you'll never hear it from her. Sometimes Koster will break through his own absorption. "Schnups, do you want an ice-cream cone? Do you want a coke? Are you tired, Schnups? Will you rest for a little?"

She's not a talkative child, and has little to say to strangers. She answered questions politely, waited politely to be released. Then, all unconsciously, I touched a hidden spring. "I'm going to see your sister tonight," I told her.

The sweet round face lighted up like a Christmas tree. "Going to see *Deedee!*" she cried, as one might cry "You're going to see the *king!*"—"Oh, I think that's *lovely!*"

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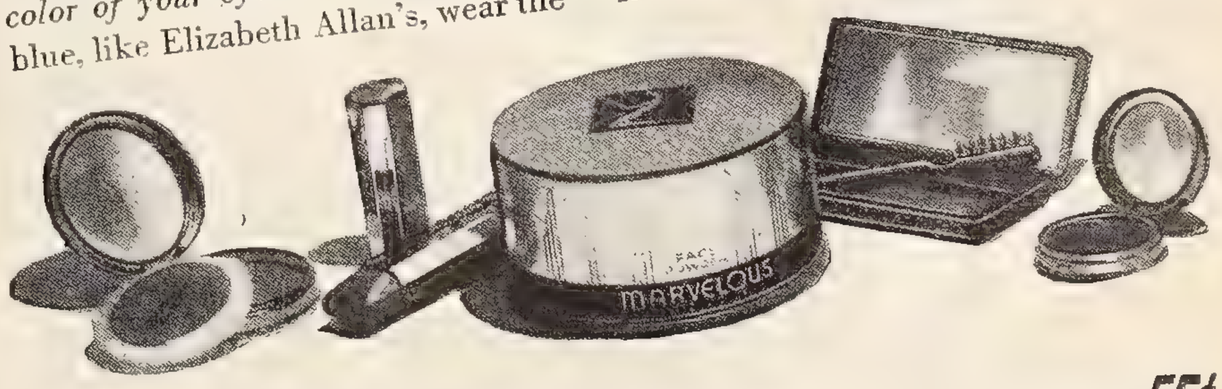
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Are American Women Unfair to Men?

Continued from page 21

Evidently men will do anything for them. They, in turn, may demand too much. This could not happen in France. There the man decides how much money the woman is to spend. It may be lucky for the American woman that is not the case here. I don't know. But I do know that in France thirteen is considered a lucky number and that at New Year's we send a friend a black cat."

Mademoiselle lightly smiles off any superstition lurking in the air, but at the prediction she soon will be a star cries out, "Where is wood around here?" and desperately knocks it on the nearest table.

"I may be like the American woman," she admits, "in wanting everything I can get. It is true I came to this country to make money, but I do not believe that money can mean everything to any woman. She must value love more. But for myself I cannot say. How little I know about it you may judge for yourself. When I came over from the Folies Bergere in Paris to dance at the French Casino in New York a waiter there said to me 'Who's your boy friend?' What a question to ask me! I had to ask my mother what it meant. The English language then was strange to me. But in two years I have picked it up by listening to people and reading. Best of all I like biographies —'Napoleon,' 'Marie Antoinette,' and now 'And So—Victoria.' But I have also read many American books, largely to learn about women here. In Paris they have the reputation of being very extravagant with their husbands' money. But this may simply mean the rich women. I want to know about the average American woman, for I am to be one myself. I have already filed citizenship papers. I intend to quit the screen when I am twenty-five and marry an American. If I had the money to do it with now I'd buy a ranch and have cattle and chickens and pigeons. That is what I like. I don't like big cities. I love working in the movies, but when I am twenty-five I will have been long enough on the screen. Then I want to have a family life. And I can promise that I will not demand too much, that my American husband will not find me extravagant."

Already married to Clifford Odets, American playwright, the brilliant Viennese star Luise Rainer is not only in a position to judge both sides of the matter but her own earning powers are so great as to make her wholly independent of any pecuniary consideration. Double importance, then, is given her words:

"Romance should not be measured in money. In entering marriage a woman ought to seek to make a man happy, not to find a soft berth for herself. Selfishness can never bring happiness. One is the enemy of the other, bound to kill the only thing that makes life worth living. Naturally, all of us enjoy comforts, but this does not mean need of luxuries, as luxuries are never needed. One can be very poor—I myself have been—and still be happy.

"In the marriage relation a European woman does not place so much value on money as the American woman, at least the socially ambitious type here whose love of display causes her to make great financial demands on her husband. This difference is easily explained. In the old country a woman is raised for marriage. There is no alternative. It is the one and only state destined for her, and so it becomes her career. She is not so independent as the woman of this country. It is because of her independence that the American woman can, and does, demand more.

"Sometimes I wonder if she realizes her advantages, counts her blessings. There is one for which she may be especially grateful. Nowhere else in the world is there a country so marvelous for children. Here they can be brought up with no apprehension of war, no fear of revolution, no dread of turmoil, no horror of privation.

"Clashes, of course, are bound to occur in any human relationship that is worth anything. But they never should occur over money. Financial lawsuits growing out of romantic interests between men and women are virtually unknown in Europe. For that matter I can't imagine how anyone could ever expect money for unrequited affection. Here the situation is one-sided—the woman suing the man. If it is a breach-of-promise suit so much the worse, for then it amounts to an admission on the woman's part that she had money in mind when she became engaged. A woman who enters romance surely never tries to collect if it doesn't work.

"I believe, too, in a certain individual freedom after marriage. But this cannot always be carried out as simply as it should be. It is liable, as the saying goes, to 'make talk.' Frankly, rumors have made me unhappy. These arose from the fact that when I was working in a picture and going to bed at nine o'clock every night I wanted my husband to go out and enjoy himself with his friends. Certainly I didn't want to take him by the arm and hang on to him. I knew where he was all the time. But this didn't keep reports from spreading that we weren't getting along well together. Hollywood is a very bad place for a happy marriage. People are so spied upon that they don't have a chance to work out their lives in their own way.

"But in Hollywood man and wife are more independent of each other financially than anywhere else in the world. It is in the nature of things they should be, as both have their own work and their own income. Even though marriage frequently does go on the rocks here, it is not nearly so likely to break up on the financial rocks as it does elsewhere.

"In America it would seem that it is the demand for money made on men by women that causes most of the marital trouble. In a sense conditions may be responsible for this state of affairs. American women make themselves attractive to men by being very beautiful, chic and smart, so perhaps the whole situation may, after all, be the natural one of supply and demand."

Norway speaks. It has its say in the pleasant voice of Sigrid Gurie who makes her American début as the exotic *Princess Kukachin* with Gary Cooper in "The Adventures of Marco Polo." It is her opinion:

"This is a woman's country. What makes it so is her early development. European women are children longer. In America a girl of fifteen or sixteen is grown up and sophisticated. She already uses make-up, which is not allowed for one so young in Europe. Quite as soon she acquires style. The result is that in the American woman there is something dashing and attractive that strikes the foreigner immediately. With it she is definitely more independent than the European. She wants more out of life, and she makes it her business to get it.

"But this is not merely of her own doing. The American man spoils her. He gives her an awful lot. First she expects it, then demands it. The European woman doesn't. All that she expects when she marries is to settle down, not to be going out

all the time, dancing and traveling, having a good time. She works together with her husband striving and saving so that they may have a happy home and security in their old age.

"Norway is very conservative. There women are kept down. Here they come up like flowers. They are more beautiful than our women. Not that they are born so, but they make themselves that way. The American man has such lovely women that he can afford to pay for them. They're worth it. He is very friendly, and I think this extremely nice. He is also very helpful. This keeps things moving. Naturally, the girl doesn't want to lag behind, so she is a woman before she knows it.

"It is the man who is responsible for this quick tempo. It is the man who sets the pace and compels the woman to follow it. It is the man who drives her into extravagance. It is the man who pays. Why not?"

That latest newcomer from abroad the sparkling Rose Stradner who won fame on the Vienna stage and now is cast opposite Edward G. Robinson in "The Last Gangster," is convinced:

"The American woman makes life more difficult for her husband than we do. To begin with, she expects him to be rich. We don't think so much about that. We live more for the moment. This is because we have seen so many changes. If we like something we do it. We don't ask if it will be the best thing for us in the long run. We don't even stop to think about it. American women think too much.

"The American man could do more in Europe and not be punished so much. He is very nice, and shouldn't be treated so hard by women. Here a man can't get a divorce unless he gives half of his income to his wife. Alimony is one of the greatest burdens he has to carry. In Europe three hundred dollars a month is the limit. But here it is terrible. The other day I met a man who told me. 'I'm not going to get married again. I can't afford it.' He was so afraid of divorce and alimony. It is too bad for the American man. He is a big boy and very good-hearted. If the woman understood him she could lead him very easily. But she frightens him. The European man knows more about women and just how to treat them. When I see all the divorces that go on here I feel sorry for the American man. He works hard and he does not have much amusement till he makes his business success, then perhaps it is too late. American women are more beautiful than any in the world. But it all gets back to the man. He puts up for it. This makes it an easy life for the American woman. Now that I am here I will become one. Outside American, but inside European."

Lucky break for some man!



Tommy Kelly, May Robson, and Victor Jory, in "Adventures of Tom Sawyer."



"I really should have pinned a note to my bouquet" declared the radiant bride. "Then whoever caught it would have had more than superstition to point to an early marriage for her... For I'd have told her to wear Evening in Paris Perfume... the fragrance of romance!"

The get-away after the reception... "We had to hurry to catch our train," related the bride later, "but I didn't forget my Evening in Paris Perfume and Face Powder."

"Her Perfume one of my earliest memories of her"

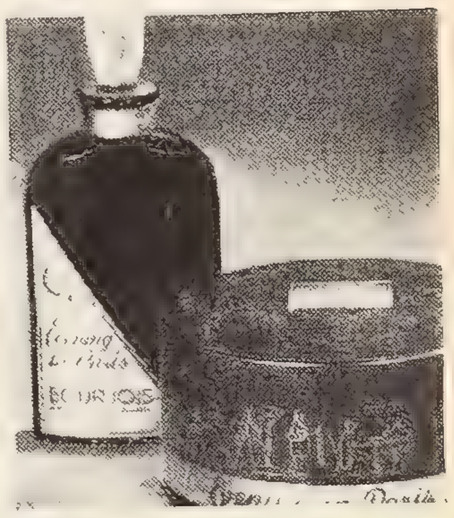


SAYS MR. JOHN McGUIRE

recent bridegroom, describing his first impression of the girl he married. He adds: "Later I learned the name of this perfume was Evening in Paris."

"The scent of Evening in Paris Perfume is one of my earliest memories of the girl I fell in love with and married," says Mr. John McGuire, recently married to Miss Florine Dickson in New York City. "Perhaps it's understandable that one of the things I like best to give Florine is Evening in Paris Perfume. I hope she wears it always."

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Carole and Freddie as Co-Stars

Continued from page 31

NOTHING SACRED

Presented by

Selznick International Pictures
Released through United Artists

CAST

Hazel Flagg.....Carole Lombard
Wally Cook.....Fredric March
Dr. Downer.....Charles Winninger
Stone.....Walter Connolly

Produced by David O. Selznick in Technicolor. Directed by William A. Wellman. Screenplay by Ben Hecht.

little working girl doomed to death from radium poisoning."

"We've covered it." Oliver waved his hand in vague dismissal.

"Covered it?" Wally shrugged elaborately. "Oliver, you're getting old. Look! Six lines on Hazel Flagg, a poor little Vermont kid with a few months to live. What does she think? What does she feel? There's a story in this kid that ought to tear your heart out. Where is it? Why hasn't the star got it? I'll tell you: because I'm stuck away in a water cooler because of some whim of yours. Listen, Oliver, give me a chance, will you? So help me, may I drop dead, I'll redeem myself."

The old light flashed in the editor's eye.

"I ought to be shot for what I'm thinking," he said slowly, "but I'm thinking that maybe you aren't the most tittering imbecile on earth. I'm thinking that maybe you've learned your lesson."

"Oliver, so help me," Wally drew his first free breath in weeks, "I'll be in Vermont by morning. I'll dig you up a story that will make this town swoon. If I don't come back with the biggest story you ever handled, Oliver, you can put me back in short pants and make me marbles editor. Here's my hand on it."

It was years since Wally had been in a place like this Vermont small town. It brought back kid memories, the old swimming hole and things like that. Things he hadn't thought of for years. Made him feel sort of warm and friendly, but he soon found out that just the mention of Hazel Flagg was enough to make everybody glare at him suspiciously. Warsaw, Vermont, wasn't doing much talking about the girl who had contracted radium poisoning working for the Paragon Watch factory when the factory owned the town.

It didn't take much of an I.Q. to lead Wally to Dr. Downer's office. After all, a girl with radium poisoning needed a doctor, and Downer was the only one in town.

"You know what I think, young feller?" Doctor Downer peered at Wally from behind his huge old-fashioned desk, littered with pill bottles and prescription forms. "I think yer a newspaper man. I can smell 'em. I'll tell you briefly what I think of 'em. The hand of God reachin' down into the mire couldn't elevate one of 'em to the depths of degradation. Not by a million miles. I'm a fair-minded man, young feller, but when you've been robbed, swindled, cheated out of a fortune for twenty-two years, it's pardonable to form an opinion. You don't happen to know of a newspaper called the Morning Star? Or maybe you do."

Wally didn't think fast enough that time, for when he admitted his connection with the paper the doctor launched into his twenty-two year grievance against the Morning Star. There had been an essay contest and the doctor hadn't won and decided the thing was a fake.

After that Wally was glad to escape to the rickety verandah and contemplate the situation. And so hopeless did it seem that he hardly noticed the pretty girl in the awful clothes who slipped past him and went into the office.

The doctor was shaving when Hazel Flagg came in, grimacing into the little mirror that hung over the washbowl in the corner of the office. His eyes twinkled as he looked at her sitting lugubriously in his consulting chair.

"You don't have to sit there looking so dramatic, Hazel," he said. "Like Eliza crossing the ice."

"I—I can't help feeling a little bad," the girl spoke in the whisper she had taken as her own ever since she heard the news about herself. "You couldn't, either, if you were going to die any minute."

"Well, Hazel," the doctor chuckled, "you can stop givin' yourself the airs of a dying swan. Accordin' to this last analysis I made, you ain't gonna die, unless you get run over or somethin'."

"Holy smokes! Oh!" Hazel ran over to the doctor and flung her arms around him, her cheek buried in his lathered chin. "I got to cry, Enoch, I can't help it. Oh, Enoch, you saved my life."

"Shucks, it's nothin'." Downer tried to assume a properly modest mien. "The first diagnosis I made was a mistake. I got so I was seeing radium poisoning everywhere."

Hazel was having the grandest cry fest she had ever had.

"I've been awfully brave, haven't I, not to cry before?" She gulped luxuriously. "Please say I have."

Downer patted her awkwardly on the shoulder. "Well, now that it's over, I don't mind tellin' you I felt pretty sorry fer you, sort of."

"I don't know what I'm so happy about," Hazel cried. "You've sort of spoiled my trip, Enoch. I was goin' to take that two hundred dollars they give you for dying in Warsaw and go to New York and blow it all in and die happy. Now I'll just have to stay in Warsaw."

"Lots of people are glad to live in Warsaw, Hazel," Downer frowned at her reprovingly. "It's one of the finest towns in Vermont of its size. That's gratitude fer snatching you from the jaws of death."

"But I kind of graduated from Warsaw, while I was dying," Hazel said miserably. "And now the thought of having to go back to work and paint radium dials for twenty years more and those ice cream socials on Sunday night and Harry Hamer's new shoes creaking up and down the front porch waiting to take me to the Warsaw Grille and Café to listen to the automatic piano playing, 'In the Gloaming' I don't know which I am, happy or miserable. Enoch, listen, do you have to hand in that report? I know it sounds a little dishonest, but if you didn't *say* I was cured, they'd give me that two hundred dollars and I would go to New York on a big scale and study dancing or something!"

"Hazel, I'd do it for you like a shot." Downer said sadly. "But I'd lose my job the minute they found out you weren't going to die. Besides, there's the ethics."

"Well, thanks for all your trouble," Hazel sighed. "I'm terribly grateful, Enoch, only it's kind of startling to be brought back to life twice and each time in Warsaw."

She held in pretty well until she was out



Good for many a gossip item was this and other appearances together of Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power, seen at a preview.

of the office, then her tears came again, faster and more bitterly, and it was so Wally saw her and realized that at last he was looking at the girl "doomed to die."

"I know it's hard for you to talk," he said gently after he had introduced himself, "but if you'll just listen to me for a little while: I want you to come to New York with me as the guest of the Morning Star. We'll show you the town. You'll be a sensation. The whole town will take you to its heart. Everything you've ever dreamed of, you'll have it on a silver platter."

"You mean they'll like me because I'm dying?" Hazel asked.

"That's a cruel way to put it." Wally was already measuring the girl, deep blue eyes, golden hair, a figure that had something even in the clothes she was wearing. "They'll like you because you'll be a symbol of courage and heroism. We'll talk about it on the plane."

"An aeroplane!" The girl's voice was hushed. "You mean we'll fly there?" She was thinking fast, desperately. Oh, if only she were really dying as she had been only an hour ago. What fun she could have!

But Hazel was going to have fun anyway, even if she was going to live. It hadn't been hard to convince the old doctor; after all, it was a way for him to get even with the Morning Star for the prize he was convinced they had cheated him of. For they would pay his expenses to New York too, as gallant Hazel Flagg's private doctor.

It was all so exciting, the plane trip with New York at the end rising like a fairy city through the mist, and then whistles blowing and bands playing in welcome, and crowds staring and wanting her autograph just as if she were a movie star; and night clubs, and a suite in a big hotel. Sometimes Hazel thought Downer's first diagnosis had been right, after all, and that she had died and gone to Heaven.

And seeing what clothes could do for her, New York clothes, with grand duchesses selling them! Sometimes it almost made Hazel feel guilty until she realized that if she were fooling the paper, the paper thought it was fooling her too. As if she didn't know she was boosting their circulation by the thousands!

Only sometimes, when Wally looked at her as he was looking at her now, as if he was liking her for herself or something, she couldn't help that little pang of remorse.

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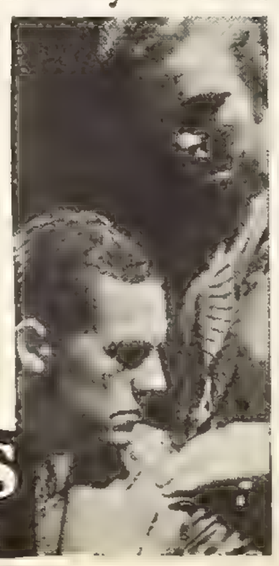
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GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

"I don't suppose newspapermen get married as a rule," she tried to say it so casually with her heart thumping like a drum. This day had been so perfect, out alone with Wally on the sailboat the paper had chartered for the day.

"Not after they're fourteen or fifteen," Wally grinned. "That's the dangerous age for a journalist. His ideals are not yet formed and he falls easy prey to elderly waitresses. But once his finer self is born, he waits."

"Waits for what?" Hazel demanded practically.

"For the sound of the fire alarm, Miss Flagg," he bowed gravely, "waiting to go rushing off to the fire."

"What fire is that, Mr. Cook?" Hazel said, and of course she couldn't know that her eyes looked as if a whole field of blue flowers were waving in them.

"Love," Wally said tersely. "Look, we're going to hard a lee and pick up that mooring. When I head her in you drop the jib. Are you following me?"

"Yeh," Hazel clambered out on the bow deck and started uncoiling the jib rope. "Are you looking for a big fire, Skipper, or just a little one made out of strawberry boxes and lies?"

"It doesn't matter," Wally was attending to nautical matters. "It's usually out before your hook and ladder gets there. But what I have in mind is a conflagration. And even if it's a false alarm, there's the fun of riding down the streets with the siren wide open and—" He sprang into action. "Hey! Down with the jib! Grab that mooring!"

It was too much for Hazel. She was hanging on to the mooring, halfway into the water when Wally hauled her back on deck again.

"This is fun!" Her eyes were ecstatic. "It's almost as exciting as riding on a fire engine."

Neither of them were absolutely sure just when it was they started riding the engine. Except that the night Hazel collapsed in a night club, Wally knew suddenly that she wasn't a story any longer. It didn't matter that here was the most sob-compelling, tear-jerking bit of copy that had ever been banged out on his typewriter. All he could think of was what his life would be like with Hazel no longer a part of it.

And Hazel, coming out of the fog of too many champagne cocktails, was thinking of Wally too, and of herself, and what a fake she was.

"Oh, my gosh, I can't stand it," she wailed to Downer from the depths of her hangover. "You know what's going to happen when they find out that I'm a horrible, good-for-nothing fake. They're going to blame him. Everybody. They'll just burn down that whole newspaper. Oh Enoch, why did you let me come to New York? If you were only as honest as you look!"

There wasn't time for Downer's protest for there was that quick knock on the door and then Wally was there.

"Hazel," even his hands holding hers were trembling as he spoke. "I'm bringing the greatest expert on radium poisoning in the world to see you. I know it's supposed to be incurable—but when I heard he was on the Rex I radioed him. There's always an outside chance, one in a million. It's a long shot, but we can hope."

For a long time after he was gone Hazel lay without speaking, then suddenly she turned to the miserable Downer.

"There's only one way out," she said slowly. "The only one way to save you and me and Wally. I've got to commit suicide! I've got to be drowned. I'll leave a note for the city thanking everybody and I'll jump in and you'll be waiting in a row boat and fish me out. I can swim under water and I'll change my name and hide somewhere the rest of my life and—and never see him again."

It was Ernest, erstwhile Sultan of Mazipan, who found Hazel's note. He was delivering flowers from the Morning Star and when he went into the hotel suite and no one was there his insatiable curiosity made him look around. It was against his ethics to read other people's mail but when he saw the letter pinned to one of the pillows on Hazel's bed he couldn't help that furtive peep into the envelope. As if anyone could resist reading a note pinned to a pillow!

Then, goggle-eyed, he ran to the telephone and called the paper. That was the beginning of the search for Hazel Flagg, "the gallant girl who had run away to die alone in the night." Police boats flashed their search-lights across the dark waters and every available craft churned up and down looking for her. But it was Wally who found her down at the foot of the street her hotel was located on.

He called to her first as he saw her wavering a moment, then there was her shriek and the splash of her body hitting the water, and Wally made the rest of the block in nothing flat and jumped in after her.

"Well, that was a fine, sweet trick you tried to play," he bellowed as he hauled her up to the pier at last. "Listen, either you give me your word of honor you won't try that again or I'll spank your little—" he paused, suddenly overcome. "Hazel, will you marry me?" he begged.

"Oh, Wally," Hazel moaned. "Oh, darling, there's no future in it."

"Don't talk like a half-wit," he dragged a burlap bag from a packing box and wrapped it around her. "I don't care about the future. What the devil is there to life better than what we've got? A handful of perfect hours, that's all the luckiest ever get out of it, a handful of hours to save and remember. And I'll be there at the end, sailor. I'll be there waving you goodbye. It'll be the same as if you and I lived forever. You'll grow old in my heart."

There wasn't any answer to logic like that so Hazel just gave herself up to the luxury of being in his arms all the way home in the taxi. But afterward when he was leaving she called him back.

"It was a lovely ride," she said wistfully, "with the siren and everything. It's a big fire." She flung her arms around him. "And if you ever hate me, remember this," she kissed him, shyly at first then with more and more abandon. "And this and this."

"The biggest fire since Rome," Wally whispered when he finally got around to it.

His heart was beating madly the next day when Oliver sent for him. That meant the X-ray pictures had come. That meant he would know if there was going to be a chance for Hazel.

At first the editor glared at him and when he spoke there was a blistering repression in his voice. "I'm sitting here, Mr. Cook," he said grimly, "trying to figure some way out of the blackest disaster that has ever struck down an innocent man since the days of Judas Iscariot. I am sitting here, toying with the idea of removing your heart and stuffing it like an olive. Yours, and Hazel Flagg's."

Wally glanced bleakly at the X-ray pictures thrust under his eyes.

"Look at that skeleton!" Oliver had worked his voice up into a fine frenzy. "Not a bone missing. Down to the last healthy vertebra, intact. That's Hazel Flagg, the biggest fraud of the century."

"It can't be true," Wally shouted as he grabbed the doctor's report. Then ecstacy lifted his voice. "Sweet Heaven, I can't believe it! It's like some miracle!"

"You've ruined me!" Oliver shouted. "You've ruined the Morning Star. You've blackened forever the fair name of journalism. You and that foul-botch of nature, Hazel Flagg."

"Listen," Wally's fists clenched. "I'm marrying her. Get that into that monkey skull of yours. And I thank God on my knees that she's a fraud and a fake and isn't going to die. She's a fraud, but she's no bigger fraud than any of them who cried over her. When you start yelling foul remember that she was just a circulation stunt for you and that you used her, like you used every broken heart that's fallen into your knapsack, to inflame the daffy public and help sell your papers."

He stopped as the telephone rang, then his heart contracted as he heard Oliver repeat Hazel's name.

"Pneumonia, eh?" He hung up the receiver. "Wally, it's like a pardon on the gallows. But I'm taking no chances this time on Hazel Flagg. Hello," He jiggled for the operator. "Get Dr. Egelhofer on the wire. Get him to Hazel Flagg's hotel."

Wally broke all taxi records getting to the hotel. But when he saw the girl lying languidly back on her pillow he advanced on her furiously, pushing a protesting nurse out of the room.

"I knew you were faking," he said grimly. "Now cut out the shenanigens, will you? We haven't got any time to lose. Dr. Egelhofer will be here in a few minutes."

"Oh Wally," Hazel wailed. "I put the thermometer under the hot water and threw a fit. You'll never forgive me for what I've done to you. You'll hate me for the rest of your life. Oh, Wally, I want to die."

"It must have been fun playing me for the world's prize chump," Wally said bitterly. "Listen, my dying swan, this is no time to stop faking. You're going to have pneumonia and you're going to have it good. We've got to raise your pulse to a hundred and sixty *quick*. We've got to have you gasping, panting, and covered with a cold sweat inside of five minutes."

It was the battle of the century, with the bleachers empty and no takers for the ring-side seats. Wally had always prided himself on his boxing and for a girl who knew nothing of the Queensberry rules Hazel wasn't bad at that. They fought, and chairs crashed before them and at the end of perspiring, practically unconscious Hazel was hoisted into bed.

But it was all for nothing. The great doctor from Vienna had already left the city and now there was no one to call Hazel's bluff.

New York wept over the story that appeared in the Morning Star the next morning. "Radium Girl Disappears," read the headlines and below in a black-bordered box was the "last letter" of a brave girl who had left the city to die alone. Wally had written his heart into that story.

It was just at the time Warsaw was putting up a monument for its famous daughter that a honeymoon couple boarded a boat bound for Europe. A woman standing at the rail gasped a little when she looked at the bride, and came toward her.

"I know what you're going to say," Mrs. Cook clung tighter to her husband's arm. "You think I look like Hazel Flagg. I'm getting sick and tired of people mistaking me for that *fake*."

"Fake!" The woman almost screamed her resentment. "Young woman, how dare you slur the memory of one of the most gallant girls that ever lived?"

But Hazel and Wally had moved away. They had other things to do. Important things, like standing at the ship's rail and seeing the water widen between them and the shore, and finding each other's hands and whispering all the foolish, tender little words that come so easily to lovers' lips.



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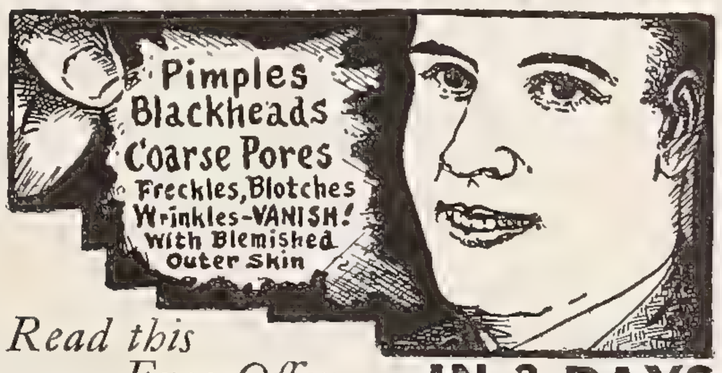


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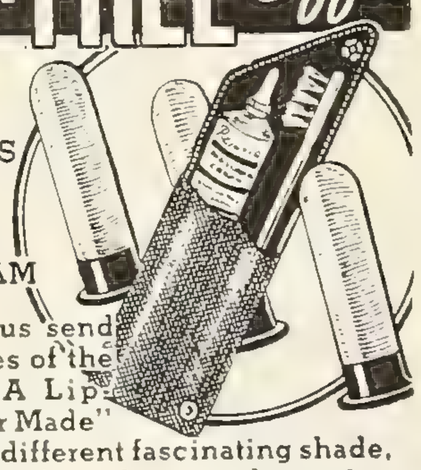
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Picture-Mad Milland

Continued from page 55

pictures; with that old woman, I had a frightful time. She had to know I was shooting her, but I spoiled fourteen shots before I got a good one. I had to keep talking to her, and getting her to loosen up, otherwise she sat stiff as a poker with a grimace on her face. But in the other shots, the barges were simply there—I didn't have to argue with them. The beach scene was only a boat drawn up on the sands."

The young actor never uses an exposure meter. He thinks that wouldn't be fun, it would take all the guesswork and art out of the thing.

"With a mechanical gadget like that, it's set and you shoot and that's all. Maybe the picture *is* perfect, but if so, it's nothing to do with you. Let me show you. I'll shoot you here on the shore in this boat, with the glare of the water and sun and sand. I should be able to judge the light."

He borrowed a Leica camera and while he shot, the still man crept up and took a picture of him doing so. The shot of me, alas, demonstrated little for there was no film left in the Leica!

Ray took some informal shots of Frances Farmer, leading lady in "Ebb Tide," which he considers "not bad."

"In this one, she's singing happily, unaware that I'm shooting her," he smiled. "This one at the studio, where she was being made up, isn't 'set;' also this one where the chap is handing her her lunch. In the fourth shot, she's posed but I like it; I mean, I selected the background, foreground, and surroundings and made her the central point of the picture.

"And this one is a shot of Bell House in 1933. It's a famous night club and roadhouse twenty eight miles outside London at Beaconsfield, England. It's owned by one of my boyhood chums. See how clear even the back meadows are?

"This is rather a pet of mine: an old lady I saw on the Bremen in 1932 when I was on my way to this country for the first time. She had a huge suite all to herself that probably cost something like seven hundred dollars, and she was coming over to see a son she hadn't seen for thirty five years. Most of the crossing she sat on deck with her face toward America. I think you can see her great expectations in her face.

"This was a test shot I made of my sister's living room in Wales. I wanted to see if I could change the exposure and test the time. It took three minutes, according to my records.

"Some of pictures I have enlarged in panels and use them as wall decorations. Two of my shots I made on the Europa I have on my walls in Hollywood. I think it's a nice idea and I expect to do more of it.

I don't take children's pictures as a rule—they're too hard to manage. But I did shoot this young one in Sweden in 1933. He belonged to the caretaker of the cottage where I stopped on a skiing expedition."

Snubbing the Stars

Continued from page 27

that Ham step on the gas. Down Sunset Boulevard drove last year's Academy Award winner.

"There's a wonderful place over there," cried La Davis. "Stop and let's go in."

Ham pulled up in front of an eating joint that featured one row of counter stools for the cash customers. Over the door in large blazing letters, was painted this name: "Butch's Beanery—Eat 'em While They're Hot." And Bette did!

There was a time in Tyrone Power's life when he didn't have the twenty-two dollars to pay the landlady who was holding his trunk. So naturally there wasn't money for such luxuries as taxi fare. Came fame waving her magic wand and Tyrone breathed a huge sigh of relief. No more waiting on corners for busses until death by freezing was a sure fate. No more walking in at the crack of dawn because he had missed the last street car. And then Tyrone went on his first vacation to Chicago.

Visiting friends in the loop, he hailed a cab and asked to be driven across town to the Belmont Hotel. The driver gave him a strange look and a few blocks away, pulled up to the curb and insisted that Tyrone get out. There were no explanations. The driver was gone with the wind. Tyrone hailed a second cab. He gave his instructions and a few blocks further, he experienced the same treatment. In desperation he hailed a third cab.

"If I were to ask you to drive me to the Belmont Hotel, what would you do?" he asked.

"I'd stop the car and make you get out," came the quick reply. "There's a taxi war going on and that location is where it's hottest."

"Then I might as well start walking," sighed Tyrone. Several hours of hitchhiking later, Tyrone arrived at his destination.

If you were the manager of a big hotel and it was a national holiday, and Ginger Rogers suddenly walked into your lobby and asked for accommodations, wouldn't you find a place for her? That's what we thought. But it didn't work out this way for Ginger when on last July fourth she decided to get away from it all. Ginger forgot it was a holiday, and naturally rooms were at a premium. It was dark

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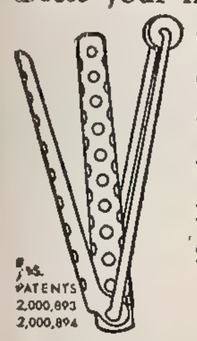
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when she pulled in at an unfamiliar hotel. The clerk took one look at her dusty, informal appearance and assured her there was nothing to be had. So a Ginger who had lost some of her snap, climbed back in the car and started driving again. At dawn she arrived at the Del Monte Hotel and was welcomed with open arms.

The worms in Mammoth Lake are so plentiful, the trout there enjoy the snootiest reputation on land or sea. That's why Franchot Tone was so pleased with himself, when he rapidly pulled in the limit. Soon Franchot was speeding merrily on his way home. Then, out of the nowhere, right into Franchot's life came one of those California motor cops—who always gets his man just when he's happiest.

"Wait until he sees who you are. He won't give you a ticket," said Bob Davis, the Tone stand-in, who had gone along.

The strong arm of the law went right to work. Franchot presented his driver's license. His name was copied on the ticket and he signed for it. With a warning not to let it happen again, that man started to drive on to his next victim.

"Hey, wait a minute," called out Franchot, who is regular enough to admit it when he knows he is in the wrong. "Maybe you'd like to have some nice fresh trout."

"Sure would," came the reply. "Thanks very much—*Mr. Stone.*"

Pajamas in Hollywood are just about as common as bacon with eggs. But at the fashionable hotel in Chicago, where Ann Sothern was visiting her husband Roger Pryor, pajamas were worn but never seen. Therefore one morning when Ann slipped out to go to the beauty parlor, a doorman who put his heart in his work refused to allow Ann back in the lobby. She told him who she was and explained that she did not know about the pajama ruling. The man had been instructed that no lady wearing pajamas was to be allowed through. And that meant Annie. Finally, in desperation, Ann went around to the tradesmen's entrance. She entered her sumptuous suite via the freight elevator route.

It was pretty hot working on "Submarine D-1" but Pat O'Brien didn't mind too much. The day was almost over and soon he would be back at the Coronado Hotel and enjoying a wonderful dinner. But just as he did sit down at the table, Pat was informed that he would have to wear his coat in the dining room. It was scorching hot and Pat was weary. Besides he only had the regulation uniform coat he was wearing in the picture. This he was forced to put on, because no allowances for tired movie stars was on the hotel's list of rules and regulations. And to make everything perfect, every naval man who walked into the dining room saluted Pat, who gradually grew old, saluting in return.

When John Beal returned to the East from Hollywood after making "Another Language," he waited breathlessly for the premiere at New York's Capitol Theatre. Finally the great day arrived. John took his best girl friend (who became Mrs. Beal in spite of it all), and his father came down from Joplin for the occasion.

Going up to the man on the door, a self-conscious John Beal, sure that he would be recognized, asked to be admitted ahead of the others. At the same time he extended a dollar bill.

"You'll have to go to the end of the line and wait your turn," was the curt answer. But the dollar bill was not returned. Hours later the weary party got to their seats. John felt that all eyes were turned in his direction. It certainly was great to be a star, drawing crowds like this to a theatre, he thought. But when the lights went on John made an interesting discovery. Robert Montgomery, as advertised, was appearing there in person!

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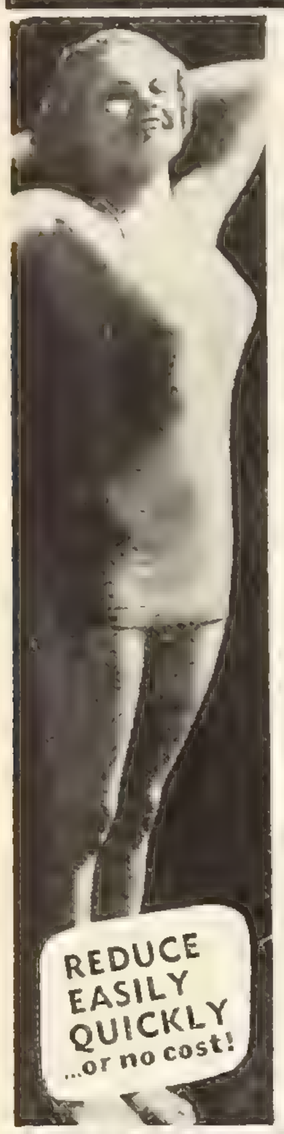
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Cupid's Cycle

Continued from page 29

is like Tony but it isn't Tony.' Libby, who had been with me at Madame Hungaria's, shrieked and I upset a glass of water right in his lap.

"I decided to marry Tola the Wednesday before the Saturday that we took the plane to Yuma. But the next Thursday night Tola had 'to work late—[Editorial aside: Mr. Litvak was finishing 'Tovarich'] —and I went with some friends to a poker party and lost and that depressed me so when I got home I phoned him and told him I simply couldn't face it, the marriage was off. He said all right. So the next night, Friday, he saw to it that I didn't play cards and he took Mady Christians, Fritz Lang and me to the concert at the Bowl, but we stopped at the Troc so Fritz could have dinner and by the time we arrived at the Bowl the ushers had all disappeared and we had to ask about ten people if they had any idea where Box 12, Section C might be. They didn't. Finally we found it and had just settled down to enjoy a good symphony when suddenly we looked up and we were alone in the Bowl—except for a few musicians who were wrapping up their instruments. So we just sat there and planned the wedding.

"Marriage in Yuma is very simple, really. Bellboy number 3 at the hotel takes charge completely and I had hardly finished my iced coffee, it was only 112 there though the hotel was air-conditioned, when he brought in the License Lady—he introduced her as the License Lady so I never really knew her name. And Bellboy number 3, the very soul of efficiency, ushered in the Judge who is known as the Marrying Judge of Yuma and is a perfect darling, and immediately everything became sentimental and lovely, and I was off on a cloud when suddenly I heard Mady scream. 'Stop,' she shouted, 'Miriam, you're marrying the wrong man!' And so I was. The Judge, poor dear, was a bit confused and tired by forty-one marriages that day—I'm a forty-second bride—and Tola and I were both terribly nervous, and sure enough I was marrying Fritz. So it seems I married Fritz for the first part of the ceremony but Tola got in for the second part and that's the part that has the 'I do' in it and I think the 'I do' is the most important thing in the ceremony, don't you?"

Well, I could see that L'amour was going to get a good kick in the pants if I stayed around Miriam much longer. Not a heart-throb, not an eye-lash flutter, and not the ghost of a blush. Now I ask you, how could I make a saccharine story dripping with sentiment and adjectives out of that?

Better luck, I said sharpening my pencil, with Alice Faye and Tony Martin.

Alice, having spent her honeymoon at the Trocadero, was a little sleepy when I ran her down on the set of "A Young Man's Fancy," the Tuesday after the Saturday elopement. Alice is Irish and you can always count on the Irish being sentimental even on a studio stage, swathed in silver fox and the thermometer 110. Alice, I was sure, would not let me down, provided she didn't faint before she finished the telephone scene. The Alice Faye-Tony Martin romance has been one of Hollywood's best ever since the two kids met in "Sing, Baby, Sing," nearly two years ago.

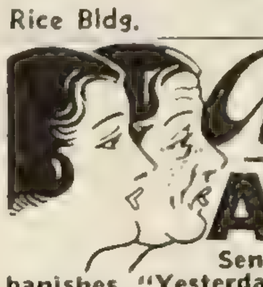
"Friday night," said Alice with that cute smile she has, "I gave the most horrible broadcast of my life. Everything bad that could happen, happened, so after it was over I just sat down and cried. Tony was so sweet and consoling that I decided to

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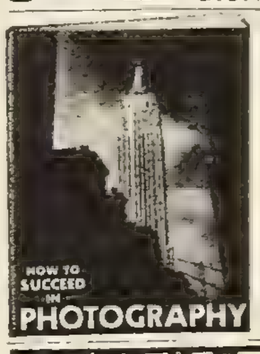


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marry him the next day. Somebody told me a bride wore blue so I put on a blue suit and an orchid corsage and with a few friends we flew to Yuma where the heat was something awful. 'Let's get it over with quickly and get back to Hollywood,' Tony said, mopping his brow and so white I thought he was going to pass out with a sunstroke. And when the Judge told him to put the ring on my finger he was so nervous he couldn't see my hand though I was waving it right in his face.

"And you'll die when I tell you what the Judge said. I was sort of choked up after the ceremony, I've never married anybody before and it was impressive, even in that heat, so I shook hands with him cordially and very politely, I thought, I told him I hoped I would see him sometime. 'Oh, you will,' he said, 'I'll be seeing you again soon.' Of all things for a marrying judge to say!"

Anne Shirley, the third bride of my marriage cycle, slipped off very quietly to Santa Barbara to marry handsome young John Howard Payne of the Virginia Paynes, (and not one of the Paynes in the neck, that I know), in one of those quaint little bungalows adjoining the swanky Biltmore Hotel where society meets the sea. Paula Stone and Henry Willson stood up with them and Anne's mother cried and it was all quite lovely and *bona fide* except that they too had to dispense with the honeymoon on account Anne had to do retakes on "Stella Dallas" and John had to rush back to "Love on Toast." In fact, they say it was because of this *l'amour* that Anne gave such an inspired and brilliant performance in "Stella Dallas." Even Anne seems to confuse the two on occasion, because when an RKO executive said "Congratulations" to her one day, she turned to some friends and said, "I never know if people are congratulating me on my work in 'Stella Dallas' or my marriage to John Howard Payne."

Well, anyway, all daffy abstractions aside, when it comes right down to the bare facts, I would say that *l'amour* and marriage cycles in Hollywood aren't what they used to be. They're a lot more fun.

How Hollywood Has Conquered Radio

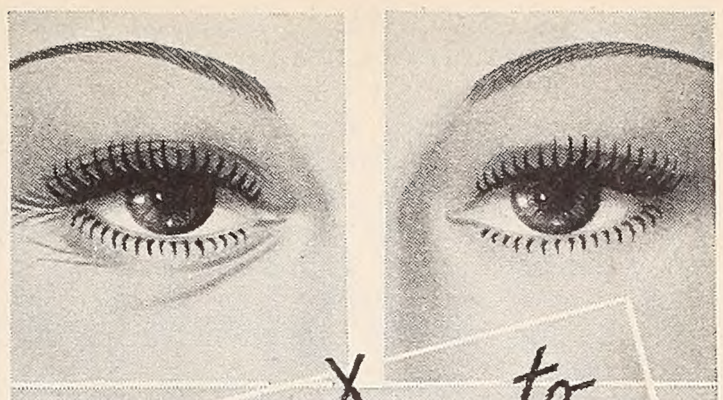
Continued from page 23

hired Cecil B. DeMille of Paramount as producer, Lou Silvers of 20th Century-Fox to lead its orchestra, and between acts Hollywood personalities are interviewed).

The most remarkable stipend unquestionably is Tyrone Power's. Most remarkable because three short years ago Radio thought him worth $12 a week. He had a good enough voice to read funny papers over the air in Chicago. Hollywood recognized his potentialities, polished him, and today he is worth $4,000 a week to Radio!

Don't imagine that this money is gravy to be spooned nonchalantly, though. For a while New York air officials declared that picture stars were disappointments. A few players did make the mistake of letting themselves be hurried onto the air. But no longer will wise actors be so foolish. Now stars request lengthy rehearsals, admit they may be under-directed in films. For those Lux dramas, for instance, a star rehearses on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday for an average of twenty-five hours.

The great problem of picture stars is this: in Radio all emotion must come through the voice alone. The subtle facial



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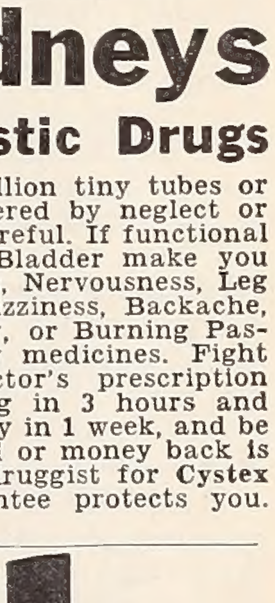
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expressions so valuable in films are valueless on the air. Looks are no help.

Never a victory without the conqueror assimilating some of the traits of the subdued. A visitor to Hollywood is in for a surprise at the town's new business-like complexion. Evenings of gay, carefree fun are definitely fewer and farther between because most of the stars have an air program on the fire and are maneuvering for rehearsals.

"When I do an hour's play for Radio," says Joan Crawford, "I need forty hours of advance rehearsal." That's the all-time high for preparation, but Joan is ambitious and she's not given to kidding herself. When she spent that much time she scored; she eased up once and wasn't so well prepared. But forty hours at eight a day—union standard—add up to five full days. Now figure out how you'd sandwich in five days into Joan's picture-making schedule for a week! It'd turn you into a pretty methodical person, also. In days of yore Joan could capture Charleston cups; now, except for Saturday night fun, she studies. She is scared stiff of the new medium, but wants to click in it as a prelude to stage success. "The only thing to do," counselled Franchot Tone, "is to beat your nervousness by working like a dog." Fine chatter to a glamor girl, but a swell tip. And Joan accepted it gratefully.

Anyway, Miss Crawford can now stand up before the mike and an audience; but Claudette Colbert, once on Broadway and outwardly a lot calmer, isn't up to getting off her stool. Claudette sits on a high stool, with her script propped on a stand that won't shake or drop it. She then slips off her shoes and endeavors to remember that she's positively serene. Her doctor husband stands in the control room and holds the good thought, too. Recently, during a broadcast, Claudette accidentally fell off her perch. The audience giggled, and so did she. Dr. Pressman impulsively cried, "They must have a funny sense of humor!" Frank Chapman, husband and manager of Gladys Swarthout, is likewise in the control room and unwittingly mouths every nuance of hers. She glances towards him frequently for assurance, a clinging-vine type. He's dripping with perspiration when she finishes. Paul Muni, who wants Mrs. Muni on his picture sets to okay every move of his, is valiantly becoming self-reliant via Radio, though. Studied rather than impetuous, he is forcing himself to go on the air without her help.

Bette Davis' hands fascinate everyone watching her at a broadcast. She is so intense that she grips her script stand, running a veritable gamut in gripping. When she's most intent it seems as if she may break the wood.

The nonchalant Clark Gable is runner-up to Bing Crosby for number one most-at-ease star. Clark wears sweatshirts or tricky sweaters to rehearsals and wins everyone by behaving as though he were the most unimportant person present. When he broadcasts there are so many fans that he has to be spirited out through the door where the pianos are shuttled.

Bing is amazing. He's as peaceful as the Rock of Ages. The other night, three minutes before he was to sing, his sheet of music performed one of those mystery odd stunts. The band was readying. Bing didn't know the words. Everyone else went wild. He ambled around the stage, before the audience, peering hither and yon. He couldn't locate the music and there he was on! He boo-boo-booed melodically through a refrain, until someone spotted the paper under the drumstand. Bing's show is the only big one that has no elaborate dress rehearsal. The last get-together is informal. Bing will chat with the song-pluggers who hang around. After rehearsing his songs awhile, he'll wait for Bob Burns to drop around. Bob never sees the show script before then, and last week what a rare crisis popped up as a result! The program had been devised around the beard Bob had been wearing for a picture; Mr. Burns checked in clean-shaven. All the dialog had to be revised immediately. Yet neither Bing nor Bob could be fazed.



Dorothy Lamour's leading man—not screen, real-life! He's Herb Kay, Dorothy's husband. They ought to be in pictures together.

Dick Powell glows when he senses a favorable audience; nevertheless he's strictly on his toes. As he finishes each page of his script he rolls it up and tosses it at someone nearby. Robert Taylor is extremely conscientious, and personally liked as a result. The inner worry that seizes him is ever concealed. He demands no privileges and goes without his meals if necessary to be on schedule. Perhaps because he doesn't forget that three years ago he was only an extra in air shows.

See Marlene Dietrich rehearsing for a broadcast and all those vanity cracks go up in thin smoke indeed. She sits on the floor to go over her lines, and when there's a funny one she roars and has to start all over again. She dresses not in plumes and veils, but in chic simplicity. She manages very well without mirrors. Alice Faye honestly hates to put up a front, but since she's been broadcasting at night she's promised to appear in a chic gown. She now brings along her own hairdresser to guarantee that her coiffure is correct. Julius Stein, from her film studio, arranges all her tunes. Alice doesn't read a note, you know, so she'd rather rely on a pal. She has recordings made of her broadcasts, so she can replay them for self-improvement.

NBC rents a theatre set at Warners' Sunset Boulevard film studio. Tyrone Power and his guest stars act here. Audiences revelled in his kissing duel with Loretta Young, incidentally. The first time they teamed on the air he kissed her so hard she practically reeled into the wings. When they teamed anew she got even; she gave him "the business."

Martha Raye is hail-fellow-well-met still, but she is anxious to get more true character into her public character. So she's stopped singing hot rhythms on the air. She hasn't been practicing with a teacher solely for the fun of it.

Comedians need audience reaction. At least, Eddie Cantor and Jack Oakie feel so. Eddie is a terrific clown; he plays chiefly to his visual fans, it seems. He throws bakers' pies when there's an opportunity for slapstick and he doesn't mind stopping the show for audience howls. Jack *ad libs*, making mince-meat of the script. Charlie Butterworth is unique; he's so quiet and he'll sit munching in a next-door café until two minutes before he's to be on the air. He won't rush then, but casually walks to the mike. Gracie Allan is as hilarious as an ogre before her broadcasts; she doesn't want to spoil a one of her silly remarks so she isn't to be disturbed. She lets George Burns do the bantering; he doesn't have to get into the mood. You never see even George before the team's literally in action, though. With Jack Benny it's the opposite; he comes out a half hour beforehand and chums with the audience.

The riot of Radio today is, of course, Mister Charlie McCarthy. You'll be seeing him in pictures any moment. He wears green satin pajamas to shock his heckler Mr. Fields, and he enjoys every minute of the shows he's in on. When he was doing a burlesque on a spy drama, with Nelson Eddy, he was so versatile juggling three different accents that Nelson had to hold the Eddy face to keep in character. The world's favorite dummy rates a kiss hello from Dorothy Lamour, without fail. (She hasn't gone glamorous on her Radio buddies; she still drives up in her coupé.) W. C. Fields, invariably attired to perfection, with spats and all, has given up trying to top Charlie. Don Ameche, who is the A-1 prankster of a great film studio, does behind-the-wings antics to distract Charlie, and to no avail yet. Eddie Bergen, Charlie's dad, is a dignified, well-mannered young man who bought a second-hand camera and made post-card views of grocery stores until he decided to be a ventriloquist. He dates Loretta Lee. But he has to cart Charlie McCarthy along to most of his parties, and just after politely acknowledging an introduction Bergen is appalled to hear Charlie mutter, "Who's this guy? And what's his racket?"

Currently Nelson Eddy is matinée idol number one, if the ardent feminine fans have anything to do with the ranking. He was fond of closed studios, where he could take off his coat and unloosen his collar and concentrate on his singing. But now he's unbending, doing comedy lines with new facility, and getting a kick out of this. So many girls think he's irresistible that two page boys regularly act as bodyguards to get him out of the station safely.

Every picture star but Shirley Temple, Chaplin, Garbo, and Mae West has been featured on the air by now. Mrs. Temple has rejected fabulous propositions, believing Shirley's film work is enough. Chaplin's voice isn't in keeping with his tramp characterization and he hasn't yet had the heart to come out of his mold. Garbo, it's reported, has turned down $15,000 for a single air show. It would ruin her mystery line. Myrna Loy and William Powell had a hunch they'd be a keen air team. Their agent asked $15,000—and as yet there are no takers. Mae West is rumored to want ten grand, a little too much for the sponsors.

From New York to Hollywood to broadcast have come such Radio stars as Rudy Vallee, Don Ameche, Walter Winchell, Lanny Ross, Irene Rich, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope, Kenny Baker and Ken Murray. Rudy is now playing in the Cocoanut Grove, for the first time, and like all the rest in this illustrious group is acting for the movies besides.

The talent for the supporting rôles in air shows used to be all Radio-trained. But now this is altered. That monopoly is broken and Hollywood's character actors, juveniles, and ingénues are receiving most of these bit assignments.

Yes, when Radio vowed it could make the movie stars cry Uncle it forgot one thing: Hollywood had the stars the public loves!

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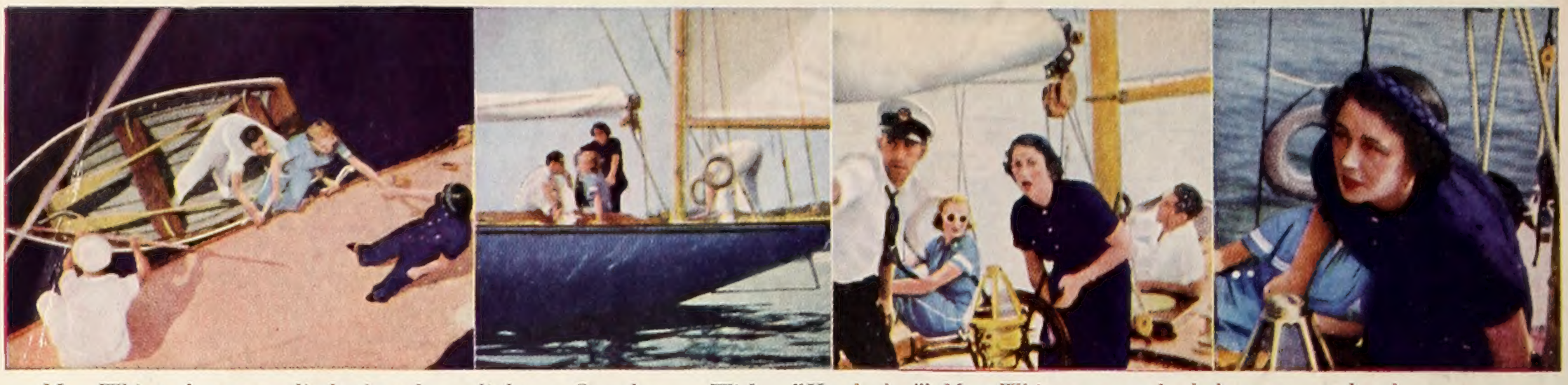
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The Whitneys will be sailing in southern waters soon

BY Mae Fair
SOCIETY EDITOR



(above) Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, of Roslyn, Long Island, at the helm of the *Chinook*. "I value healthy nerves," she says. "So I smoke Camels. They don't jangle my nerves!"

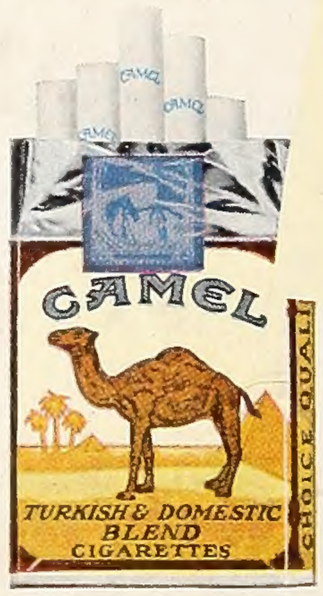
MRS. HOWARD F. WHITNEY told me, the other day, that they hope to do some sailing in the South this winter. The Whitneys had a lovely summer on Long Island—and on the Sound. Mrs. Whitney is a skillful yachtswoman and handles a racing class boat like an expert. Their converted New York 40, the *Chinook*, is a very "shippy" boat.

Mrs. Whitney will be remembered as the former Hope Richardson. Her wedding was an outstanding social event. I recall how enchanting Mrs. Whitney looked as a bride, in a gown of white satin with a yoke of net embroidered in tiny pearls, and her tulle veil held in place by a bandeau of orange blossoms. This year Mrs. Whitney's committee work had much to do with the success of the colorful Greentree Fair at Manhasset. During the summer she got in a lot of tennis, riding, and—as always—sailing and cruising.

Hope's enthusiasm for the energetic life is proverbial among her friends. "Don't you ever get tired?" I asked. "Of course," she laughed. "After a long trick at the helm, or any time I feel worn out, I refresh myself with a Camel—and get a 'lift'! I can smoke Camels steadily, without the slightest feeling of harshness on my throat." Which shows how mild Camels are! It's true that women find the costlier tobaccos in Camel's matchless blend more enjoyable.

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